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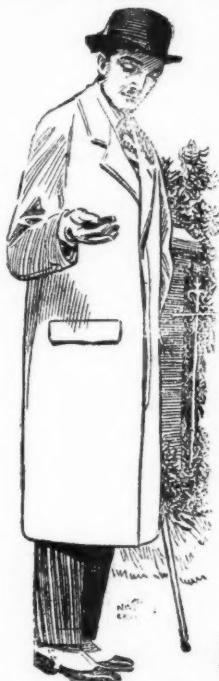
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OCTOBER 15, 1920

No. 4720

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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THE ARTS

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THOUGH we believe no official announcement has yet been made, it is understood that the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist. It is fortunate that an excellent translation of one of his most important books, "The Growth of the Soil," has lately been published in England; for this opportunity of appreciating Hamsun's real literary distinction, his imaginative power and passion, has mitigated our profound disappointment that the prize was not awarded to Thomas Hardy. We realize that Hamsun has a European reputation while Hardy has not, and we gladly admit that Hamsun is a worthy recipient of the prize. At the same time we have no doubt at all that Hardy is a writer of another and a higher class. Probably it is this very rareness of his quality which makes him inaccessible to the foreign reader; and probably Europe will take as long to recognize him as it did to be aware of Shakespeare. But to give a great author an international reputation is precisely the function which the Nobel Committee should be fitted to perform; it should not be dependent upon the existence of translations.

* * * *

Nevertheless we are glad to hear that a beginning, at least, is being made with the work of translating Mr. Hardy's novels. We are kindly informed by Messrs. Macmillan that arrangements have lately been made for the translation of six of them into Spanish and six into Swedish. But in this question, French is the language that chiefly matters. We have seen only one French translation of a book by Mr. Hardy. That is one of "Far from the Madding Crowd," which bears the inexplicable title, "Barbara."

It may possibly be a stupid perversion of Bathsheba. French translators have recently committed more than one crime in rendering an English title. Did not Mr. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" appear as "M. Britling commence à voir clair"? a rendering which showed a misunderstanding of English idiom serious enough to make us very sceptical of the text of the translation.

* * * *

An event of real importance is heralded by the statement in *The Times* that Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie are reported to be at work upon scenarios for the cinematograph. By means of the film the author comes into contact with a much larger audience than he can hope to touch by the printed word, or even through the theatre. And of late it has seemed that the cinema, after raising our hopes by producing a comic actor of the genius of Charlie Chaplin, and delicate social comedy of the kind created by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, would lapse back into the interminable sentimentality of the cheap American novel. We have seen Charlie Chaplin compelled to return to the crude knockabout farce from which he had evolved the remarkable tragi-comic realism of "The Immigrant" and similar films; until the cinema at the present time is deluged with contemptible sentimentalities. The best entertainment is offered by the Wild West films, which can boast of one extraordinary actor in William Hart.

* * * *

It is to everyone's interest that the artistic level of the cinema should be kept as high as possible. Whether it is possible to keep it high is another matter; it may be that the cinema tends, like the "circulation newspaper," inevitably towards artistic degradation. But there is no obvious reason why

it should. Mr. A. A. Milne's experiment in writing three short comedies is certainly a step to be welcomed. But what seems above all necessary is that authors of real ability should take the film as art-form at least as seriously as they take the ordinary play. There is obviously a very difficult technique to be mastered, and at present the American producers know a good deal more about it than the English do. So long as the Americans are better technicians, they will hold a practical monopoly of the market. And it has to be remembered that they have kept the film at a high pitch of technical efficiency; moreover it was America which produced Charlie Chaplin, and the delightful comedy of Mr. and Mrs. Drew.

* * * *

The question of Opal Whiteley's Diary has been raised again by Mr. Clement Shorter in the *Sphere*, where he writes that "The *Star* bluntly calls the book a fake, but unintelligently and without giving any reasons. THE ATHENÆUM is equally fatuous." No doubt Mr. Shorter is a better judge of fatuity than we are; but, if the word is meant by him to bear its ordinary meaning, his passing judgment seems to us sadly lacking in good faith. We believe that the internal evidence against the authenticity of the Diary is overwhelming, but since we are aware that many people like things that we do not like, and love to conceive of children as characters in a detestably sophisticated "fairy-play," we preferred to base our argument against the book on evidence of a kind that could be made good in a court of law. In the introduction to the "Diary" an account is given of the piecing together of the fragments of paper of which it is composed. We *proved* that if that account was true the process could not have taken less than three years instead of the few months given by the editor. We concluded that editor, publisher, Lord Grey, and Mr. Shorter have alike been deceived.

* * * *

It will not vastly matter in the long run whether the Diary is "a fake" or not. If it were a good book, a valuable reconstruction of the psychology of a child, there would be no objection to its appearing as the work of a child; and, assuredly, had it appeared to us to be good, we should not have gone to the trouble of making a close examination of the account given of its provenance. It was precisely because it seemed to us a bad, and in its way a pernicious book, appealing to the deliquescent intellect of the public of the present day, that we inspected its credentials. They proved to be singularly weak. We gladly admit that there is no possibility of an understanding upon the literary merit of the book between ourselves and Mr. Shorter, who has put it on record that it is "the most wonderful book concerning childhood and written by a child that has ever been given to the world." But the case we brought against it was concrete and positive. If Mr. Shorter chooses to brush it aside as "fatuous," we merely conclude either that he does not understand it, or that he is unable to rebut it.

* * * *

We have noticed of late a tendency in the daily press to reprove audiences for laughing at Mr. Mase-

field's "Tragedy of Nan." On one occasion the fact that an audience laughed during the love-making of Dick and Nan was solemnly adduced as evidence of the moral degeneration of the present age. And now they have laughed at Painswick, which is perilously near the place where Nan's tragedy is supposed to have occurred. The truth is that, so far from this laughter being evidence of degeneration, it is a sign of artistic salvation. "The Tragedy of Nan" is false, a conspicuous example of "art" that has lost all contact with reality. The audiences laugh because they feel this. They are fortunate in being able to laugh, where the more sophisticated critic feels acutely ashamed. But if honest people are to be scolded for laughing, they will merely come to the conclusion that art is humbug. They would not laugh at "Reynard the Fox" or at any of the poems in which Mr. Masefield has found his true vein. So long, however, as the author allows "The Tragedy of Nan" to be played over his name, we shall conclude that he lacks all power to distinguish between his good work and his bad.

* * * *

A curious point in artistic ethics has been raised by an extraordinary action of Lord Leverhulme, of which the *Daily Express* has lately informed the public. It appears that Lord Leverhulme commissioned Mr. Augustus John to paint his portrait. Some time after a packing case was delivered to the artist in London with the superscription, "Remainder of Mr. John's portrait of Lord Leverhulme." The head had been cut away from the portrait. Apparently, no deliberate provocation was intended, since it is stated that the case had been returned by mistake. The head had been cut out "because the picture did not fit a safe in which it was to be kept and the owner wished to retain the really important part of the picture." There seems to be no doubt about the truth of this incredible story.

* * * *

Mr. William Heinemann, who did as much as a publisher can to advance the cause of good literature during his life, has bequeathed one-half of his estate, subject to various life-interests, to the Royal Society of Literature for the establishment of a scholarship fund to be called "The William Heinemann Foundation for Literature." From this fund prizes are to be awarded to works in any branch of literature. Works of fiction are not excluded from the awards, but the judges are requested to bear in mind that the testator's intention is primarily to reward those branches of literature which are least remunerative—poetry, criticism, biography and history. This fund, administered by capable hands, should be of the utmost assistance to English literature, above all at a time like the present, when the less popular branches of pure letters tend to become less and less profitable to the author. Mr. Heinemann also made two further bequests of £500 each: one to the National Book-Trade Provident Society, of which he was President from 1913 to 1919, and one to the Publishers' Association as a reserve fund to meet any emergency where the interests of British publishers may be threatened.

IN A COFFEE SHOP

WITH a day of rain Dockland is set in its appropriate element. It does not then look better than before, but it looks what it is. Not sudden April showers are meant, sparkling and revivifying, but a drizzle, thin and eternal, as if the rain were no more than the shadow cast by a sky as unchanging as poverty. When real night comes, then the street lamps dissolve ochreous hollows in the murk. It was such a day as that, but it was not night, for the street lamps were not alight. There was no sound. The rain was as noiseless as the passage of time. Two other wayfarers were in the street with me. One had no right there, nor anywhere, and knew it, slinking along with his head and tail held low, trailing a length of string through the puddles. The other, too, seemed lost. He was idling as if one street were the same as another, and on that day there was rain in all. He came towards me with his hands in his pockets and his coat-collar up. He turned on me briskly, with a sudden decision, when he drew level. Water dripped from the peak of his cap, and his clothes were heavy and dark with it. He spoke. "Mister, could y'give me a hand up? I've made a mess of it." His cheerful and rather insolent assurance faltered for a moment. He then mumbled, "I've been on the booze, y'understand." But there was still something in his tone which suggested that any good man might have done the same thing.

It is not easy to be even sententious with the sinful when an open confession robs us of our moral prerogative; so I only told him that it seemed likely booze might have had something to do with it. His age could have been forty; but it was not easy to judge, for the bridge of his nose was a livid depression. Some accident had pushed in his face under the eyes, giving him the battered aspect of ancient sin. His appearance would have frightened any timid lady if he had stopped her in such a street, on such a day, with nobody about but a lost dog, and the houses, it could be supposed, deserted, or their inmates secluded in an abandonment to misery. But, taking another glance at him, I thought it probable, from the frank regard of the blue and frivolous eye which met mine, that he would have recognized timidity in a lady at a distance, and would have passed her without seeing her. Uncertain whether his guess in stopping me was lucky, he began pulling nervously at a bleached moustache. His paw was the colour of leather. Its nails were broken and stained with tar.

"Can't you get work?" I suggested. "Why don't you go to sea?"

This deliberately unfair question shook his upright confidence in himself, and perhaps convinced him that he had, after all, stopped a fool. He took his cap off, and flung a shower from it—it had been draining on to his moustache—chuckled bitterly, and asked whether I did not think he looked poor enough for a sailor.

Then I heard how he came to be there. Two days before he had signed the articles of the S.S. "Bilbao." His box had gone aboard, and that contained all his estate. The skipper, to be sure of his man, had taken

care of his discharge book, and so was in possession of the only proof of his identity. He then left the shipping office and met some friends.

Those friends! "That was a fine girl," he said, speaking more to the rain than to me. "I never see a finer." I began to show signs of moving away. "Don't go, mister. She was all right. I lay you never seen a finer. Look here. I reckon you know her." He plunged an eager hand into an inner pocket. "Ever heard of Angel Light? She's on the stage; it's a fact. She showed me her name herself on a programme last night. There y're." He triumphed with a photograph, and his gnarled forefinger pointed at an exposed set of teeth under an extraordinary hat. "Eh, ain't that all right? On the stage, too! Met her at the corner of Pennyfields."

It was still raining. He flung another shower from his cap. I was impatient, but he took my lapel confidentially. "Guv'nor," he said, "if I could find the swab as took my money I lay I'd make him look so his own mother 'ud turn her back on him. I would. Ten quid."

He had, it appeared, lost those friends. He was now seeking, with varying emotions, both the girl and the swab. I suggested the dock and his ship would be a better quest. No. It was no good, he said. He tried that late last night. Both had gone. The policeman at the gate told him so. The dock was there again this morning, but a different policeman; and whatever improbable world the dock and the policeman of midnight had visited, there they had left his ship, inaccessible, tangled hopelessly in a revolving mesh of saloon lights and collapsing streets. Now he had no name, no history, no character, no money, and he was hungry.

We went into a coffee shop. It stands at the corner of the street which is opposite the "Steam Packet" beerhouse. You may recognize the place, for it is marked conspicuously as a good pull-up for carmen, though then the carmen were taking their vans steadily past it. The buildings of a shipwright's yard stand above it, and the hammers of the yard beat with a continuous rhythmic clangour which recedes, when you are used to it, till it is only the normal pulse of life in your ears. The time was three in the afternoon. The children were at school, and alone the men of the ironyard made audible the unseen life of the place. We had the coffee shop to ourselves. A jam-roll was derelict on the tall counter; some crumpled and greasy newspapers sprawled on the seats. The outcast squeezed into a corner of a bench, and a stout and elderly matron appeared, drying her bare arms on her apron, and looked at us with annoyance. My friend seized her hand, patted it, and addressed her in terms of extravagant endearment. She spoke to him about that. But food came; and as he ate—how he ate!—I waited, looking into my own mug of tepid brown slop at twopence the pint. There was a racing calendar punctuated with dead flies, and a picture, in the dark by the side of the door, of Lord Beaconsfield, with its motto, "For God, King, and Country"; and there was a smell which comes of long years of herrings cooked on a gas grill. At last the hungry child had finished scraping his plate and wiping his moustache with his hands. He brought out a briar

pipe and a pouch of hairy skin, and faded behind a blue cloud. From behind the cloud he spoke at large, like a confident disreputable Jove who had been skylarking for years with the little planet Earth.

At a point in his familiar reminiscences my dwindling interest vanished quite, and I noticed again, through the window, the house-fronts of the place I knew once when Poplar was salt. The lost sailor himself was insignificant. What was he? A deck hand, one who tarred iron and could take a trick at the wheel when someone was watching him. The place outside might have been any dismal neighbourhood of London. Its character had gone. The tap-tapping on iron plates in the yard next door showed where we were to-day. The wastrel was silent for a time, and we listened to the sound of rivets going home. "That's right," said the outcast, "make them bite. Good luck to the rivets. What yard is that?"

I told him. "What? I didn't know it was about here. That place! Well, it's a good yard, that. They're all right. I was on a steamer that went in there, one trip. She wanted it, too. You could put a chisel through her. But they only put in what they were paid for, not what she wanted. The old 'Starlight.' She wouldn't have gone in then but for a bump she got. Do you know old Jackson? Lives in Foochow Street, round about here somewhere. He's lived next to that pub, in Foochow Street for years and years. He was the old man of the 'Starlight.' He's a sailor all right is Jackson."

"The last trip I had with him was ten months ago. We came in to the West Dock with timber. That was when we dry-docked here. I signed on for her again when she was ready. This used to be my home, Poplar, before I married that Cardiff woman. Do you know Poplar at all? Poplar's all right. We went over to Rotterdam for something or other, but sailed from there light, for Fowey. We loaded about 3,000 tons of China clay for America.

"The sea got up when we were abreast of the Wolf that night, and she was a wet ship. 'We're running into it,' said old Jackson to the mate. I was at the wheel. 'Look out and call me if I'm wanted.'"

The man pushed his plate away, and leaned towards me, elbows on the table, putting close his flat and brutish face, with his wet hair plastered over all the brow he had. He appeared to be a little drowsy with food. "Ever crossed the western ocean in winter? Sometimes there's nothing in it. But when it's bad there's no word for it. There was our old bitch, filling up for'ard every time she dropped, and rolling enough to shift the boilers. We reckoned something was coming all right. Then when it began to blow the old man wouldn't take way off her. That was like old Jackson. It makes you think of your comfortable little home, watching them big grey-backs running by your ship, and no hot grub because the galley's gone. The Wolf was only two days behind us, and we had all the way to go. It was lively, guv'nor. The third night I was in with the cook, helping him to get something for the men. They'd been roping her hatches. The covers were beginning to come adrift, y'understand. The cook, he was slipping about, growsing all round. Then she stopped dead, and the lights went out. Something swept

right over us with a hell of a rush, and I felt the deck give under my feet. The galley filled with water. 'Christ! she's done,' shouted the cook. We scrambled out. It was too dark to see anything, but we could hear the old man shouting. The engines had stopped. I fell over some wreckage." The sailor stroked his nose. "This is what it did."

"Next morning you wouldn't have known the old 'Starlight.' Her boats had gone, and she had a list to port like a roof. You wanted to be a bird to get about her. The crowd looked blue enough when they saw the falls flying around at daylight, and only bits of boats. We reckoned it was a case. Every time a sea went over her solid, you should have seen us watching her come up again. She took her time about it.

"The engineers were at it below, trying to get her clear. They got the donkey going. In the afternoon a chap sighted a steamer's smoke to westward, and we watched her bearing down. I never seen anything I liked better than that. Then the Chief came up, and I saw him talking to the old man. The old man climbed round to us. 'Now, lads,' he said, 'there's a Cunarder coming. But the engineer says he reckons he's getting her clear of water. What about it? Shall I signal the liner, or will you stand by her?'

"We let the Cunarder go. I watched her out of sight. We hung around, and just about sunset the Chief came up again. I heard what he said. 'It's overhauling us fast, sir,' he said to the old man. The old man, he stood looking down at the deck. Nobody said anything for a spell. Then a fireman shot through a companion on all fours, scrambled to the bulwarks, and looked out. He began cursing the sun, shaking his fist at it every time it popped over the seas. It was low down. It was funny to hear him. 'So long, chaps,' he said, and went overside. We waited all night. I couldn't sleep, what with the noise of the seas running over us and waiting for something to happen. It was perishing cold too. At sun-up I could see she might pitch under at any time. She was about awash. The old man came to me and the steward and said, 'Give the men all the gin they'll drink. Fill 'em up.' Some of 'em took it. I never knew a ship take such a hell of a time to sink as that one.

"I spotted the steamer's smoke first, right ahead, and we wondered whether the iron under us would wait till she come. We counted every roller that went over us. The other steamer was a slow ship all right. But she came up, and put out her boats. We had to lower the drunks into them. I left in the last boat, with the old man. 'Jim,' he said, looking at her as we left her, 'she's got no more than five minutes now. I just felt her drop. Something's given way.' Before we got to the other ship we saw the 'Starlight's' propeller in the air. Right on end. Yes. I never seen anything like that—and then she just went . . ."

The sailor made a grimace at me, and nodded. From the shipwright's next door the steady, continuous hammering in the dry dock was heard again, as though it had been waiting, and were now continuing the yarn.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

Poetry

THE MEETING

Faces of blank decorum, and bald heads,
And the drone of a voice saying what none denies :

Words like cobwebs, scarcely stirred by a breath,
Loosely hanging, gray in an unswept corner ;

Thoughts belonging to nobody, like old coats
Cheaply borrowed out of a dead man's wardrobe.

Over his spectacles looks the Chairman, blandly
Solemn, exacting attention, nodding approval.

I look on the floor, and ponder the shaven planks—
Tall trees once, tossing aloft in the wild air.

I watch the sun that falls upon oaken carvings,
A gentle beam from millions of miles away :

Hands and a chisel carved them—at night the lips
Of the carver blew the dust from his work and smiled.

The chairs, so silent under the ponderous flesh—
Pleasure shaped them out of a brain's designing.

The brass of the chandelier, the molten metal,
Streamed in the mould, conspired to friendly uses.

I feel the spring of the trees and their old rejoicing,
The touch of the warmth of hands that felt for beauty.

Near and neighbourly are these shapes about me,
Taking the light sweetly and saying nothing.

Why is a voice, the only human assertion,
Farther away than the suns of the astronomers ?

LAURENCE BINYON.

LOVE CANNOT DIE

(*Unpublished Asylum Poem, c. 1846.*)

In crime and enmity they lie
Who sin and tell us love can die,
Who say to us in slander's breath
That love belongs to sin and death.
From heaven it came on angel's wing
To bloom on earth, eternal spring;
In falsehood's enmity they lie
Who sin and tell us love can die.

'Twas born upon an angel's breast;
The softest dreams, the sweetest rest,
The brightest sun, the bluest sky,
Are love's own home and canopy.
The thought that cheers this heart of mine
Is that of love; love so divine
They sin who say in slander's breath
That love belongs to sin and death.

The sweetest voice that lips contain,
The sweetest thought that leaves the brain,
The sweetest feeling of the heart—
There's pleasure in its very smart.
The scent of rose and cinnamon
Is not like love remembered on;
In falsehood's enmity they lie
Who sin and tell us love can die.

JOHN CLARE.

REVIEWS

SHELLEY AS POLITICIAN

A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW OF REFORM. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With Introduction and Appendix by T. W. Rolleston. (Milford. 7s. 6d. net.)

M R. ROLLESTON suggests in his introduction to this hitherto unpublished fragment that, because England to-day, like England in 1820, is suffering the effects of a great war, the moment is singularly "opportunity" for a consideration of Shelley's political ideas. But surely no pretext for printing this blotched and scored manuscript was required. Enough that it is an eagle's feather. Why pretend that it is instructive?

As a politician, Mr. Rolleston points out, Shelley was remarkably sane. This is true. When he came to put on paper his remedies for the discontents of starving and oppressed England, his programme, apart from items such as the abolition of the national debt and the disbandment of the army, consisted of proposals that were commonplaces of Radical thought in 1820. Abolition of sinecures and rotten boroughs, equality of all religions before the law, "cheap, certain and speedy" justice—there is nothing *outré* in these. He is not for universal suffrage; the people are too brutalized and ignorant, and it would mean civil war. Nor would he press female suffrage; "this attempt seems somewhat immature [*sic*]." He would not do away with the Crown or House of Lords; "let us be content with a *limited* beginning. . . Nothing is more idle than to reject a limited benefit because we cannot, without great sacrifices, obtain an unlimited one." In short, he is for gradual reform, with the right of insurrection as a last resort, the essential first step being a really representative House of Commons, which might be elected on a small property qualification. All this is in line with the pamphlet written at Marlow three years before, "A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote" (1817), in which he had suggested a national referendum on reform, the result to be binding on Parliament; he himself would contribute £100 a year (one-tenth of his income) to the expenses of organization.

Odd indeed is the contrast between the reasonableness of these proposals and the violence of his theories. But that does not make his ideas worth considering now, as if a core of native sound sense could be detected beneath the poet's vagaries. Not so, if we think Matthew Arnold's picture a distortion, may we plump out the beautiful, ineffectual angel. The inference to be drawn is, not that Shelley had a practical side—that he was a sort of Sidney Webb or H. G. Wells—but that he was a man of action through and through. Man of action and poet, he was all of a piece, and the value of his political writings is that they show how the two were fused. They have no other interest.

The singularity of Shelley's moderation is, we suggest, a direct consequence of another singularity—the combination in one person of the man of action and the pure idealist. By "idealistic" we mean here one who is abnormally wanting in that power of learning by experience which almost everyone possesses in some degree, and which depends as much on self-knowledge as on appreciation of external facts. Shelley could not learn from experience, because, with a piercing vision for the abstract, he was blind internally and externally; instead of seeing himself as a complex of powerful instincts, he believed that he was always propelled by reason; and instead of apprehending facts, he was sensitive only to abstract propositions. And this blindness was combined with an incredible restlessness and agility; to conceive an end as desirable was, for

him, immediately to do what lay in his power to make it actual. The combination is rare; as Browning noted (in an essay contributed in 1852 to a collection of letters afterwards withdrawn as spurious), this "precocious fertility to contrive" does not usually accompany an equal power of vision. At first sight it might be thought that from such a combination no political proposals could issue less extreme than those of Lenin; for Shelley's object is the reduction of the world to republican governments, whereupon, all evil being due to kings and priests, to aristocracy and commerce, man will be redeemed. But that would be to overlook the *a priori* quality of his inspiration. The actions of a Lenin obviously are inspired largely by facts; however violent, they are not divorced from experience. In Shelley, on the other hand, the mind has felt no need to build up its beliefs or to nourish its fury on reality, because a logical, self-contained system—that which "Godwin has with irresistible eloquence systematized and developed"—has burst upon it with the force of a revealed religion and filled it once for all. Thus, just as in metaphysics he lacks pure intellectual curiosity, and is never more than a clever schoolboy following in the wake, first of Hume, and then of Berkeley and Plato, so in politics, instead of reflecting on first-hand experience, he is an ethereal echo of Bentham, Hazlitt and Cobbett. See, for instance, his confused theory about paper-money and the funds: it is Cobbett garbled. Had he been contemplative, he might have spent his life in elaborating such theories into more and more extreme forms. But his need to act was imperative. Now there is a moment in action when every man, unless he be a lunatic or moved by mere impulse, takes account, so far as his vision goes, of the facts relevant to his action; he pauses, tries to grasp the facts and weigh them. Shelley's moderation is the result of that moment—of the man of action calculating an environment which he grasps, if at all, like an intelligent and passionate schoolboy. A schoolboy? We had almost said a schoolgirl; for there is a feminine note. It is naïve to look for practical ballast here. If there is caution, it is the elfin wisdom of the Snake, as it amused him to call himself.

He disliked history, yet this fragment opens with a long historical account of the enslavement and partial liberation of mankind. At bottom the motive of this is that he knows from his books that he must have facts; this motive made him ransack science, and, in the days when he preached vegetarianism, explain that "the orang-outang perfectly resembles man, both in the order and number of his teeth." Notoriously, all cogent argument is built on facts, and, like all men of his mould, but unlike the mass of mankind, he knows by instinct what reasoning is. But the facts have a dream-like quality, and he makes no vital connection between those of the past and those of the present which the moment of action forces him to scrutinize. That connection he could only make when, by some device, he had freed himself from the thralldom of action and could let his passion spill into verse. In 1819, when already at work on "Prometheus Unbound," he writes to Peacock: "I consider poetry very inferior to moral and political science," and he adds that he only writes it because his feeble health makes it hopeless to attempt anything more useful. The device is transparently simple, the problem for his sub-consciousness being to assign a respectable reason for his pursuit of what he genuinely believed the less useful course. This self-deception is characteristic and is illuminated by his prose-writings, which show us why, although he could make in poetry the vital connection between the universe as he saw it and his particular experiences, he yet failed to perceive that there was any value in the achievement. For his theory, as set out in this fragment and in the "Defence of Poetry," was that there can be no true poetry save in a sound body politic:

The end of social corruption is to destroy all sensibility to pleasure; and therefore it is corruption. It begins at the imagination and intellect as at the core, and distributes itself thence as a paralyzing venom, through the affections into the appetites, until all becomes a torpid mass, in which sense hardly survives. At the approach of such a period, poetry ever addresses itself to those faculties which are the last to be destroyed, and its voice is heard like the footsteps of Astræa, departing from the world.

Living, as he believed, in one of these corrupt periods, holding this theory, and worshipping Greek art because it was produced by republics, he could know neither himself nor Keats, and rated his own powers below those of Byron and Moore. In this mood he composed "Prometheus," that hymn of exultant confidence in the redemption of man; it was on the stocks simultaneously with the "Philosophical View." The notebook in which the treatise was begun contains jottings for the poem. All lovers of Shelley (and who is not a lover of Shelley?) will be grateful to Mr. Rolleston for publishing it.

S. W.

AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE TSAR

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE ROCHECHOUART. Authorized Translation by Frances Jackson. (Murray. 16s. net.)

THE intimacy between the European aristocracies forms a marked and attractive feature of the eighteenth century. The young Englishman of birth invariably went the grand tour; in Paris he acquired the polish of the *salons*; in Rome he became Italianate through contact with Princes and Cardinals; he studied the nice social distinctions of Vienna. A discourse of appalling length in Saint-Simon's memoirs sets forth the reception that a Spanish grande had a right to expect in France; when he should remain covered, when he should remove his hat; when he should sit, when he should stand. A good deal of this intimacy was artificial and rather silly, still it formed the basis of enduring friendships—such friendships, for example, as Horace Walpole's with Mme. du Deffand and with Choiseul, whose grievances he made his own. Gibbon in a famous passage has explained how war even was robbed of some of its horrors, through its restriction to professional armies under aristocratic leadership. The belligerent officers mutually observed the most punctilious courtesies; theirs was, if not exactly a lovers' quarrel, at most a trade dispute, and when peace was restored, the drawing-rooms immediately opened their doors to well-bred foreigners. What common soldiers and peasants thought about it all is another matter.

And so, when the crash of the French Revolution came, the French nobles were by no means homeless. The bulk of them joined that singularly inefficient body, the army of Condé, to become less a terror to their Republican fellow-countrymen than a source of anxiety to the Governments responsible for their maintenance. Others, like the little Comte de Rochechouart, sought their fortunes elsewhere. Through family influence, he became at the age of twelve, but "old for his years, and five foot high," an officer in the *Chasseurs Nobles* of the Portuguese Army; and by the time that the Peace of Amiens had arrived, though he had gained little military experience, he had made a delightful tour in the interior of the country. England paid, of course; England always did, and Rochechouart pocketed £260 on the disbandment of the force. The wise child promptly sought a fresh career in Russia, that paradise for adventurers. His mother, a scatter-brained royalist conspirator, was already there, governing two villages for the Princess of Nassau, the last of the Sobieskis. His cousin of sorts, the Duc de Richelieu, grandson of that old rascal the Marshal, was Governor of the New Russia round the Crimea which the victories of Catherine had added to her dominions. The Duke made Rochechouart his aide-de-camp, and by and by adopted him. We get, accordingly, an instructive picture of what

benevolent despotism could accomplish in the way of peopling waste places with colonies of Germans, some belonging to the quietist Moravian Brethren. Those who could not comprehend the virtues of orderly settlement were treated to punitive expeditions, and Rochechouart allows that General Meyendorff behaved with unnecessary cruelty in deporting 15,000 Mussulman Tartars, men, women and children, to Kursk, 800 leagues distant, with the result that only two-fifths reached their destination, the rest perishing through fatigue, privation and cold.

As a young man with the world as his oyster Rochechouart is an engaging study. He escorted Madame Narishkin, the Tsar's mistress, and their little daughter Sophie, on a progress to the southern sea-baths, and punctuated the itinerary with concerts, dances, picnics, plays, fireworks and illuminations. Mere regimental duties were beneath such a perfect squire of dames, and with great ladies in his favour, he became aide-de-camp to the Tsar. But as chronicler of great events, viewed at close quarters, the Comte leaves something to be desired. His descriptive passages are not amiss, and those who think that, in Coleridge's phrase, the riddle of the French Revolution and its developments can be solved by anecdotes, will find those anecdotes in their proper places. The Tsar Alexander, for example, undoubtedly ordered the retreat after the battle of Bautzen, though Baron de Croissart, Colonel of the Russian staff, pointed to the depleted French right wing, and exclaimed, "There is the victory!" Of the Tsar's character, however, we learn merely that it was amiable and vacillating: hardly an addition to knowledge that. Pozzo di Borgo, Nesselrode, Kutusoff, Barclay de Tolly all remain mere names, though Moreau is distinguished by a "brutal frankness," befitting a soldier of Republican opinions. The one exception is Bernadotte, to whom Rochechouart was dispatched to remonstrate on the lethargy of his advance. With an effrontery worthy of d'Artagnan—the parallel is Sir Dunbar Barton's—the Prince Royal of Sweden explained that he did not wish to kill more Frenchmen than he could help, because he hoped to become King of France. In retailing this conversation to the Tsar, Rochechouart gave a capital imitation of Bernadotte's Gascon accent, but the entertainment was refused the Grand Duke Constantine, because diplomatic confidences had to be respected.

These aristocratic emigrants like Rochechouart became men without a fatherland. The memoirs take a rigidly professional view of warfare; it is just a business, without the suspicion of a "cause." Rochechouart persistently bore arms against his own country without a qualm, but he was mightily indignant with the German troops who went over to the Allies in the crisis of the battle of Leipsic; it was against the rules of the game. His own abrupt departure from the Tsar's service, on being appointed Commandant of Paris, was, he confessed, a mistake. "I was wanting in gratitude," he admitted, after the Tsar had administered the salutary rebuke of refusing him an audience of farewell. It was characteristic of the delightful, self-concentrated creature that he should have married the daughter of Ouvrard, the banker, "very agreeable, but not remarkably beautiful," as he dispassionately remarked. Poor Ouvrard eventually went bankrupt, but not before his prudent son-in-law had extracted from him a million francs by way of dowry, part of which he invested in the château in the Dordogne, where he spent his last years in writing the histories of the illustrious house of Rochechouart and of himself. After all, his bitter childhood, when his mother had abandoned him to chance, had taught him what poverty meant, since but for the devotion of the wife of the family house-steward he would have remained the half-starved little drudge of a bathing establishment, like Cosette before Jean Valjean came to her rescue. He never forgot that experience.

LL. S.

Mr. STURGE MOORE'S POETRY

DANAË; AFORETIME; BLIND THAMYRIS. By T. Sturge Moore. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

If Mr. Sturge Moore had flourished three hundred years ago instead of at the present day, his "Danaë" would now be occupying a modest but honourable place in Professor Saintsbury's monumental collection of "Caroline Poets." His poem is one of those rather indefinite narratives, shot with fancy and reflection, in which the age that produced "Pharonnida" and "Gondibert," Shakerley Marmion's "Cupid and Psyche" and the "Thealma and Clearabus" of John Chalkhill, seemed so greatly to delight. Such lines as these, to select at random:

Triumphant shouts, borne from a sonorous shore,
Break up her trance, and happy hurried airs
Make haste—lest she, when shaken unawares
On Aphrodite's cradle-rockers, fear—
To whisper good-will tidings in her ear;

or these:

In vain the gallant Hermes doffs his hat;
For jealous Zeus gave strict commandment that
His messenger should do his duty, dight
In form impalpable to mortal sight,

might easily have been written by Chamberlayne himself (for it is assuredly with the best of the minor Carolines that Mr. Sturge Moore must be compared). But Chamberlayne must certainly be given the advantage for limpidity and felicity of fancy and language. Never in "Danaë" does Mr. Sturge Moore throw out a pair of couplets so complete, so closely made, so pregnant with sense and melody as these from the third book of "Pharonnida":

He flies not with the rugged separatist
Pleasure's smooth walks, nor doth, enjoying, twist
Those threads of gold to fetters; he dares taste
All mirth, but what religion's stock would waste.

"Danaë," moreover, is marred by too plentiful a sprinkling of forced inversions. The most urgent demands of rhyme and metre do not justify lines like

Though never to fib tempted, she was true,

or

Their mealy wings full early, she respected,
And with both hands behind her them inspected.

It is worth while dwelling for a few moments on Mr. Sturge Moore's versification. There is a curious flatness and heaviness about many of his lines, and his verse as a whole lacks variety of music. He seems to think too much in terms of syllables and too little in terms of the varieties of cadence possible within the bounds of the ten-syllabled line. Not infrequently one finds lines like

As much so as folk for politeness met,

in which one can recognize none of the ordinary traditional cadences of the five-foot verse, nor any new variation on them. There are simply ten unmusical syllables.

The second piece in Mr. Sturge Moore's book, "Aforetime," is more interesting in conception and riper in execution than "Danaë." The verse—it is blank verse this time—moves more easily and with greater variety; the language is richer and, as it were, more certain, while the imagination of which the language is the symbol seems also maturer. Nevertheless, we feel as we read it that the whole thing is somehow curiously unpoetical, that there was no urgent necessity for it to have been cast in the form of verse. This feeling is strengthened by a reading of the third piece in the volume, "Blind Thamyris," a narrative in prose interspersed with occasional verse. Mr. Sturge Moore seems to be much more at home in his grave, deliberately written prose than in his verse. His thought and emotion do not seem to express themselves spontaneously in the concentrated music of verse; they demand the wider range and the diminished intensity of that other harmony of prose.

A. L. H.

SPANISH LEGENDS AND ROMANCES

LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN. By Lewis Spence. (Harrap. 21s. net.)

A FEW hours after receiving this volume for review the future and now present reviewer saw in a newspaper the observation that there appeared to be a boom in things Spanish. The immediate cause of this remark concerned the theatre, but it could be independently supported. Efforts, made fruitlessly for many years, to promote the teaching of the language in universities have recently been successful; Spanish cider, referred to in the "Anatomy of Melancholy" three hundred years ago, can now be obtained in England; and only a few weeks ago we reviewed a most scholarly book on the romances of *caballería*. The volume before us is a more popular, but also more extensive introduction to this and kindred subjects, dealing not merely with the body of literature of which "Amadis of Gaul" is the most famous, but with stories attaching to historic names like that of Don Roderic, with "the great Moor Calaynos" and others; with the ballads; with "Moorish Romances," "Tales of Magic," etc., and ending with "Don Quixote" itself and the two most famous of the picaresque group, "Lazarillo de Tormes" and "Guzman de Alfarache." The book is handsomely printed and brightly illustrated with a frontispiece representing *les yeux de Rodrigue* (the other Rodrigue) as pretty close to those of Chimène and their lips still closer, though not quite touching, as well as many other plates, of which the ghostly black-and-white of "The Firm Island" is perhaps the most effective. It is an honest attempt to interest the general reader in a delightful department of literature, once quite popular in England, but of late far too much neglected. As such we shall treat it without seeking knots in a reed. Only, is there any good authority for using the word *romancero* of a single ballad? It is, of course, the proper title of any collection of ballads, while it is also used adjectively and substantively for the functionary who sings them, and who is portrayed on the wrapper of Mr. Spence's book with open mouth and guitar on lap. But one does not remember seeing it used as equivalent to *romance*, nor does one of the best Spanish scholars known to the present writer, to whom he appealed.

But this is no hanging matter, however it be decided; still less are a few misprints, the most comic of which is "Kuxtado" for "Hurtado," because one sees exactly how it happened. Perhaps a very severe critic might object that the notice of the ballads takes rather too much the form of a review of Lockhart and of Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly on him; and there certainly was not much reason for including encomiums of "Parthenopex de Blois," which belongs in a fashion to all European literatures, and in particular only to French. There are, in fact, several un-Spanish features in it, and the name Urraca is about the only Hispaniolated one. But as "Melior" is pure Latin, and "Parthenopex" itself almost pure Greek, while a certain school of commentators might claim that "Gandin" (quite obviously the proper form of "Gaudin") must have been an ancestor of Mr. Gandhi, and therefore the story is Indian, the argument from nomenclature is better dropped.

Indeed, considering the body of charming stuff that the book presents in abstracts which should send many a reader to the originals, one does not care to cavil at the presentation. But it is rather sad to think that the ignorance to-day of all his material which Mr. Spence takes for granted, as Mr. Thomas did recently of his part of it (see *ATHENÆUM*, August 13, p. 203), is a fact. As to some things here the consciousness of such ignorance

need shame nobody. There is no need to plead curate and barber in excuse of it as regards the lesser "Amadis" and "Palmerin" items. You must go to very big libraries to find them, and when you go to very big libraries you probably have, unless you are a gentleman very much at large in means and leisure, something else to attend to. But "Amadis" and "Palmerin" themselves there is no excuse for not knowing in English, and not much in French, though there may be more in Spanish. There seems to some people to have been no time at which they did not know the baseness of the Infantes of Carrión and the ill fate of those of Lara at one end, with the fortunes of the Knight and the two picaros at the other. No doubt it would be much better if one had learned them originally in Spanish, and the loss of the formal beauty of Spanish poetry in particular is no doubt severe. But this may be made up later, while, in regard to the prose, pure story-interest survives translation better than most things unless that translation be of the most despicable kind. And one wonders whether it is mere heresy to say that Cervantes either loses less or in some odd fashion regains more virtue in translation than almost any other of the greatest classics.

Let us end with a mild "perstringing," as critics used to say, of two things in a book which may do some real good to the wayfaring man. It is a pity that Mr. Spence should have gone out of his way to echo the cheap sneers at Longfellow. He was not a great poet, but he was singularly well adapted to the poetical capacity of that average person for whom Mr. Spence himself is also catering; and his translations, Spanish and other, if never masterpieces, were quite well calculated to attract the average person's attention to their originals. The other carping is a common one, though not so very common with the present writer. A book of this sort is in special need of an index, especially as there are no detailed "Contents," only general chapter-headings. But though there is a useful short bibliography, there is no index at all.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WHAT WAS CHARTISM?

A HISTORY OF THE CHARTIST MOVEMENT. By Julius West. (Constable. 16s. net.)

A GOOD deal of attention has been devoted in recent years to the Chartist Movement. One has only to mention Professor Dolléans' bulky work and the intensive study of Chartism in Mr. Beer's "History of British Socialism." Yet despite the good work which had been lavished on the subject, it cannot be said that the position of Chartism in the social history of the nineteenth century had been properly elucidated. When the Duke of Wellington, on April 10, 1848, called up the Old Guard, an army of 8,000 soldiers, 4,000 policemen, and 1,500 Chelsea pensioners, and prepared to fight a second Waterloo on Westminster Bridge against Mr. Feargus O'Connor and Mr. Ernest Jones; when he created a tactical reserve by swearing in the last Emperor of France and the head cook of the Athenæum Club as special constables; when the Foreign Office clerks barricaded the windows with bound volumes of *The Times* (which were thought to be bullet-proof) and sat behind their defences armed with loaded muskets, they obviously expected something more than a meeting of some 20,000 persons on Kennington Common and a procession of three four-wheelers carrying the famous petition by back streets from Kennington to Westminster. Their contemporaries clearly had erroneous views with regard to the Chartists.

Even after M. Dolléans and Mr. Beer, these contemporary errors persisted in the minds of historians, and, in our opinion, there is no adequate or accurate historical estimation of the social significance of Chartism. We, therefore,

turned with some interest to this posthumous work of Mr. Julius West. Mr. Squire's memoir of the author will show those who were not personally acquainted with him that he was in many ways a remarkable man. But his book is disappointing. It has all the merits—and they are not insignificant—of the Fabian school, of which he was a distinguished member. It is a minute, conscientious, straightforward account of the facts, arrived at by laborious research through "original documents," and the facts consist of everything from interminable meetings and resolutions of committees to riots and State trials and the life-history of agitators. The book is, however, never pulled together, and, though it is only fair to say that Mr. West did not live to revise the proofs, we doubt whether he was capable of pulling it together. He seems to have accepted too completely the Fabian theory of writing history—a theory which has the curious result that when a Fabian produces a volume he gives to the world not a book, but the raw material for another volume by another Fabian.

Mr. West's book is, therefore, not the study of Chartism which we had hoped for, but it does provide the raw material for anyone with the patience and ability necessary for the writing of such a study. And it has the great merit of showing the central point to which the future historian of Chartism must direct his attention. What were the real beliefs and desires of the Chartist, and what were the social significance and object of the movement? On this fundamental point an extraordinary hallucination has, in our opinion, become accepted by social historians. Chartism is now continually represented as a manifestation of revolutionary Socialism. This point of view is nowhere more startling than in Mr. Beer's work, for there the Chartist Movement is treated at length as one of the most important products of British Socialism. At moments Mr. West appears to share this opinion; he talks, for instance, of the Chartist being "permeated with Socialist ideals." We believe this view to be a complete misreading of history; at any rate, all the detailed evidence in Mr. West's pages refutes it. As he says himself, "the Chartist leaders discouraged the participation of their followers in trade unionism, just as they objected to any demand not covered by the Six Points." Now the demands of the Charter and Six Points are demands for constitutional political reform, pure and simple; they are the antithesis of revolutionary Socialism. If Chartism was Socialism, then Socialism is now the established system in this country, for the Charter is now the law of the land.

No, Chartism began as a peaceful and constitutional movement for political reform, and the timid selfishness of the governing and propertied classes and the lawless violence with which they defended their privileges and vested interests converted it into a riotous and violent movement for political reform. The "physical force" Chartists advocated and instigated violence, not in order to accomplish an economic revolution, but in order to meet the violence directed against them by the Government and the upper classes. It is really time that historians abandoned the legend that a riot for adult suffrage, instigated by an unscrupulous semi-lunatic demagogue, is a form of Socialism. That the legend was accepted by contemporaries is not surprising when one examines the state of mind of a man like Macaulay. Macaulay believed that universal suffrage would mean the abolition of private property, and that "civilization rests on the security of private property." Accordingly in the House of Commons in 1842 Macaulay opposed the Charter by urging the necessity of resisting "spoliation," and revealed his own muddle-headed panic by saying: "I believe that Universal Suffrage would be fatal to all purposes for which government exists, and for which aristocracies and all other things exist." Macaulay was mistaken.

L. W.

PROVINCIAL PEACE

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND: A BIOGRAPHY. By W. A. Osborne. (Melbourne, Lothian Book Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND lived a very happy life. The wise men of the world have discovered several recipes for happiness; they are not all consistent, and comparatively few of us have the chance to practise any of them. We find Sutherland's own recipe as good as any: "To find the bent of one's inclinations and abilities, and to follow it out with the whole soul undoubtingly and unhesitatingly, is the only recipe for genuine happiness." We have three conditions here, and Sutherland was able to fulfil all of them: the bent of his inclinations was the bent of his abilities, his circumstances enabled him to follow his bent, and he never doubted that what he did was worth doing and the best thing he could do.

William Sutherland was a science student who resided in Melbourne. He had won a grant from Melbourne University which enabled him to spend a year or two in London, where he studied Physics and Biology, and gained his B.Sc. degree with first-class honours. With this training he returned to Melbourne, and, rather deliberately, chose to devote as much of his time as he possibly could to the further study of Physics. It was necessary for him to make a living; he confined himself to essentials and found he could provide these by occasional coaching, examination work, and local journalism. He never married, he was never ill, and his expenses remained small. Until his death, at the age of fifty-two, he led the placid, regular, interesting life of the student. He acquired a good knowledge of music, he read widely, and he published sixty-nine original scientific papers. It would be difficult to picture a happier life. He lived with his family, an exceptionally intellectual and cultured family; he enjoyed considerable prestige, and his scientific pursuits afforded him that calm, equable pleasure which is the reward of genuine ability—ability as far removed from genius as it is from incompetence. He was, we think, wise to quit London as early as he did. The excitements and incentives that London offers might have stimulated him to greater exertions, his scientific work, as a whole, might have touched a higher level, but we think he would have paid dearly for these problematical benefits. The less tense atmosphere of a provincial centre such as Melbourne, the less strenuous efforts required to win the necessary modicum of public respect, undoubtedly make for greater happiness and content. The very fine Melbourne Library was a sufficient substitute for the conversation of fellow-students; and, for the rest, good music, the general conversation of a University circle, and occasional long walks in the bush served to pass life pleasantly enough.

There is no doubt that Sutherland's scientific ability was genuine; he was not a great man, but he was a competent man, and it was fortunate that he decided for a scientific career. Some of his friends thought that he might embrace the literary life; the two essays in this volume show that that would have been a mistake. It is probable that, like some other young scientific students, Sutherland was, for a time, strangely attracted to what he understood to be literature. At any rate, while in London and for some little time after, he wrote a number of plays, described by his sympathetic biographer as "all sweet, wholesome stories of love triumphant." He also wrote a novel, "An Atheist's Wife," full of gloom and freethinking. But, these early aberrations apart, he stuck to the thing he could do, and that without being worried by doubts or crippled by sacrifices. We consider his life, especially at this time, a very excellent example. But it can only be lived in Melbourne, and we are not sure that it will long be possible even there.

THE END OF THE ROMANOFS

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOFS. Part I. by Robert Wilton. Part II. The Depositions of Eye-Witnesses. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s. net.)

No situation could be more hopeless than that of an autocrat dethroned and plunged into the chaos which arises when the social order of which he has been the head has dissolved into the welter of revolution. His personal character and his actions can have little influence upon his fate. The danger which threatens him is not the outcome of any crimes or follies of his own, even though he may have been guilty of both. He is menaced by the ill-will of every man who had any grievance against the state of which he was the head, and of all who are ill-conditioned or envious. To millions of men who have suffered he seems the embodiment of every evil that has oppressed them; and he has become that least regarded of all things, a power deprived of its sanction, and robbed of its terrors. Even of those who do not wish him ill, few have the magnanimity to regard him with a sympathy quite untouched by contempt for his proved inadequacy to his former royal state, or the acuteness to understand that all rulers thus stripped bare would appear equally inadequate.

Mr. Robert Wilton's narrative shows us the Imperial family of Russia caught in just such a tragic turmoil. They seem to have been kindly folk, affectionate, simple, and harmless at least in intention; but from the beginning of their captivity at Tsarskoe-Selo their case was hopeless. At first they were probably not unhappy, though they must have feared the future, but their state rapidly worsened. After the removal to Tobolsk, when the Kerensky régime gave way to the Bolshevik, and restraint disappeared from among the ill-conditioned men who were their guards, many indignities were thrust upon them. Their liberty was circumscribed, their privacy was violated, and they were deprived of their resources. From the date of their arrival at Ekaterinburg, three months before the midnight massacre on July 17, 1918, in which the whole family perished with four faithful adherents, the Tsar at least, who was well-read in history, must have foreseen that disaster was coming near, so evil had their case become and so menacing the hostility by which they were encompassed. From beginning to end there is nothing in what Mr. Wilton tells us to suggest that the Imperial family bore themselves otherwise than with dignity, and even, in the case of the Tsar, with a certain sweetness and serenity, under their prolonged sufferings.

We cannot speak very highly of Mr. Wilton's method of handling this tragic history. His narrative contains much that is of interest and importance, but it seems to have been hastily written, and it is diffuse, occasionally slangy, and hotly argumentative. We think he would have been better advised if he had relegated to the second part of the book or to an appendix all controversial matter, such as his attempts to prove German complicity or connivance in the massacre, and to identify Bolshevism with Jewry. His comments are often jejune and unnecessary.

The second part of the book is the more interesting. It contains the full story, in the form of translations of the depositions made at the official inquiry which was held under the authority of Admiral Kolchak. It seems clear that the evidence of the witnesses was not taken down as a whole verbatim; the depositions appear to be merely summaries of the statements made by them. But we can often recognize their own wording; and their simple statements of fact, made without comment and with no desire to produce effect, are much more dignified and moving than Mr. Wilton's journalistic diatribes.

A CHILD OF THE VICTORIANS

OUR FAMILY AFFAIRS, 1867-1896. By E. F. Benson. (Cassell, 16s. net.)

WE are all, of course, children of the Victorians, and some of us, despite our good opinion of ourselves, very degenerate children. But Mr. Benson bears more obvious traces of his descent than most, and has expanded less from his original mould than many. It would, indeed, be hard to find three more representative figures of the nineties than these brothers, all so precociously gifted and so fortunate in their surroundings and their start in life. It is a sad commentary on the fickleness of opinion that they are less important figures to-day than in young manhood.

But the nineties, after all, represent a turning-point. For the full, serene and untroubled spirit of Victorianism we have to go back another generation, to the parents of this remarkable brood. Mr. Benson's sketch of his father is slight, and, to be honest, not very prepossessing. The Archbishop loved his children, but it was, except in rare moments, a very grim love, which does not seem to have aroused much emotion beyond that of respectful dread in them. Mrs. Benson, on the other hand, is delightful. Henry Sidgwick's sister, teaching her children their lessons, "running" household after household, up to Lambeth and Addington, with almost uncanny efficiency, adored by her family, bored to death by Pan-Anglican Conferences, is the Victorian dame at her best. No more, alas! do children repair to their mothers' rooms before dinner that they may "make moons" on their handkerchiefs with eau-de-Cologne. The modern concoctions of Coty and Houbigant are too expensive for that.

To tell truth, apart from the picture of his mother, this book is rather an autobiography than a record of "family affairs." "A. C." and "Robert Hugh" appear in it comparatively little. The four brothers—the eldest, Martin, died at the age of seventeen—seem to have been extraordinarily happy and successful in youth, journeying through Winchester, Eton or Marlborough, as the case might be, and the University, beneath an ever-dropping manna of scholarships and prizes, and, in the case of "E. F." at least, of athletic distinctions, and surrounded by friendship and the kindly interest of notable people. There are, as might be expected, many glimpses of these celebrities—Robert Browning confessing that he had "deskfuls of lyrics," Tennyson, very glum at Lambeth because the port went round once only. There is one of the Duke of Teck, when fireworks were being sent up after a garden party, demanding of the author, then a child, a squib to light his cigar.

I told him that it was already burning low, but he said "Wass?" rather alarmingly, and so I handed it to him. He had just applied the burning end of it to his cigar when the explosion came, and his face and hair were covered with sparks, and he danced about, and said sonorous things in German, and I gathered that he was vexed.

And yet one cannot help feeling a measure of regret for this undoubtedly brilliant boy, riding *à deux* in a pony carriage with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, permitted to dig up portions of the walls of Chester for his archaeological experiments, sending a first horribly-scrawled draft of "Dodo" to Henry James for an opinion—and getting it! He had so many gifts, he started with such a glorious bang, and he seems now so out of date, and scarcely in the graceful, perhaps immortal fashion in which, let us say, Mr. Mallock is out of date. He has written many books which have given pleasure to many people, and he has probably enjoyed himself. But he seems to have given up something which in a fuller sense than all this was "meant for mankind." For what? Perhaps only he could give us the answer.

C. F.

HERBERT TREE

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. Edited by Max Beerbohm. (Hutchinson. 21s. net.)

FORMAL and elaborate biographies of actors," says Mr. Max Beerbohm in his prefatory note to this volume, "are apt to be not the most inspiring kind of literature." Possibly; but a collection of scratch essays by about a dozen hands is apt to be not the most satisfying account of a personality or a career. It is on the cyclopean blocks of the conscientious two-volume biography that the Stracheys afterwards bloom. Why did not Mr. Max Beerbohm give us a whole book himself instead of a "carved cherrystone" called "From a Brother's Standpoint"? That, no doubt, is his business. But why did he not persuade (or bully) Lady Tree into writing the whole work and inserting his and Mr. Shaw's contributions at the appropriate places? Certainly the half of it which she has contributed under the title "Herbert and I" is delightful, in style and individuality. There is an elegance and daintiness of wit about it that brings back the sunny age of Du Maurier and "Trilby." It matters very little that she is talking about herself most of the time that she honestly believes she is talking about her husband. It does not matter because we are quite ready to hear as much as she likes to tell about the brilliant and versatile girl—*à la tête écervelée* not seldom, it must be confessed—who somehow contrived to be the most touching Ophelia of her generation, and who must, if this record is true, have been the least monotonous of wives with her April radiances and showers. And, of course, it would be impossible to tell us all this without telling us something of the husband as well. Here, for instance, is an illuminating anecdote. The morning after she received enthusiastic notices for one of her performances her husband rushed in to her, brandishing a razor. "'I hope it doesn't mean that you will be more famous than I!'—because—with reproachful gravity—I couldn't stand that.'" "Nothing," she comments, "is more characteristic both of his naïveté and of his humility than this." And perhaps just a touch of a third quality, which led him to lapses such as his terrible speech at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Luncheon one year?

We may elucidate this by a passage from Mr. Shaw's essay. Tree, it seems, was anxious to have a play on Don Quixote from Mr. Shaw. He described his conception of the part with a fervour that showed how genuinely he entered into the character. "And Calvert as Sancho Panza," said Mr. Shaw, catching fire from his enthusiasm. Tree immediately became vague. There, we imagine, you have all that attracted and repelled people in Herbert Tree the man. It is Mr. Shaw also who states the main truth about Tree the actor. Taking to the stage from amateur playing, he never had a proper technical training and refused ever to acquire it. He relied on his imaginative intuition to show him the way, and if he had to do things which baffled his physical instrument, he thought out (as Mr. Louis Calvert remarks in his recent book on acting) some clever little bit of business to get round it. If the part did not strike his imagination he could do nothing with it. If his notion of it was not the author's, then the part had to be twisted, and if need be expanded, to meet his angle of vision. So had the play. Someone in an article spoke of "the fatal shower of roses" in the first scene of his "Julius Caesar" as though it were as authentic as Desdemona's handkerchief. Shakespeare could not protest, but the rehearsals of "Pygmalion" were stormy.

It may be questioned whether Tree's talent was not really pictorial rather than dramatic. His excessive preoccupation with scenic effects was made a continual reproach to him. We remember being told by an actress, called on at the last moment to play an important part

through the illness of a principal in one of his productions, how she tried in vain to get some kind of rehearsal while he tested the lighting of a certain scene again and again. Critics spluttered when in "The Tempest" "What care these roarers for the name of king?" went overboard with all the rest of the scene for the sake of the tossing of a childish Noah's Ark on a swivel. But Tree was worrying over a picture, not over poetry. He saw each play not as a movement but as an album of views, and he saw his own parts from a similar standpoint. His genius lay in facial make-up, and we have heard it said that the sure and rapid way he sketched the character he wanted on his face was a curious contrast to Irving's long, laborious disguising of his own appearance. It was with the grease paints that he "created" his Falstaff, his Shylock, his Macbeth, and he gave the impression of drifting through the acting of the part as though it were an "extra turn" for which he had not bargained.

This was not so in every case. The fantastic characters of his earlier days, the Svengalis, the Macaris, the Dmitris and so on, appealed to his imagination enough to receive the compliment of being seriously acted. So did parts like his Caliban and his Richard II., which allowed him to give vent to a certain childlike plaintiveness and unsatisfied yearning. In spite of his business shrewdness and capacity, in spite of the "radiance" and confidence which his brother makes the keynote of his character, we believe that this *Sehnsucht* was the deepest thing in his nature. That was why his Hamlet was not half so bad as they said.

D. L. M.

OBSERVATION ONLY

THE CAPTIVES. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

IF an infinite capacity for taking pains were what is needed to produce a great novel, we should have to hail Mr. Walpole's latest book as a masterpiece. But here it is—four parts, four hundred and seventy pages, packed as tight as they can hold with an assortment of strange creatures and furnishings; and we cannot, with the best will in the world, see in the result more than a task—faithfully and conscientiously performed to the best of the author's power—but a "task accomplished," and not even successfully at that. For we feel that it is determination rather than inspiration, strength of will rather than the artist's compulsion, which has produced "The Captives." Still, while we honour the author for these qualities, is it not a lamentable fact that they can render him so little assistance at the last—can give him no hand with this whole great group of horses captured at such a cost of time and labour, and brought down to the mysterious water only that they shall drink? But, alas! they will not drink for Mr. Walpole; he has not the magic word for them; he is not their master. In a word, for all his devotion to writing, we think the critic, after an examination of "The Captives," would find it hard to state with any conviction that Mr. Walpole is a creative artist. These are hard words; we shall endeavour to justify our use of them.

But first let us try to see what it is that Mr. Walpole has intended to "express" in his novel—what is its central idea. "If this life be not a real fight in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success..." It is, we imagine, contained in these words of William James. A *real* fight—that is the heart of the matter—and waged in this life and for this life that something may be eternally gained. Maggie Cardinal, a simple, ardent creature with a passion to live, to be free, to be herself and of this world, is caught as she steps over the threshold of her Aunt Anne's house in a burning, fiery trap. Maggie is, we are told over and over, a child of nature, ignorant, simple, rough, but with a loving heart. She has a persistent feeling,

however, that she is different from all the rest of the world, and that she will never belong to anyone. Her nineteen years of life have been spent in the wilds with a disreputable father. But at his death she is captured by her Aunt Anne and by the fanatic religious sect to which her aunt belongs. The head of the Kingscote Brethren is Mr. Warlock, and Martin, his son, is the second captive. Martin's father and Maggie's aunt are determined, with all the passion of their fanatic souls, to offer these two to God when he descends, as they believe he may do at any moment, in his chariot of fire. Hence their cry, torn from them, to be free—to be allowed to fight in this world; hence their struggle. But when, after endless complications and separations, they are released from their fiery bonds, what happens? What has been the significance of all this to them? We are led to believe that both of them are conscious, while they are fighting the world of Aunt Anne and Mr. Warlock, that, nevertheless, they do acknowledge the power of some mysterious force outside themselves—which may . . . some day . . . what? We are left absolutely in the air. Maggie and Martin, together at last—Martin, a broken man, and Maggie happy because somebody needs her—are not living beings at the end any more than they are at the beginning; they will not, when Mr. Walpole's pen is lifted, exist for a moment.

But apart from the author's failure to realize his idea, the working out of "The Captives" is most curiously superficial. Mr. Walpole acts as our guide to these strange people, but what does he know of them? We cannot remember a novel where we were more conscious of the author's presence on every page; but he is there as a stranger, as an observer, as someone outside it all. How hard he tries—how painfully he fails! His method is simply to amass observations—to crowd and crowd his book with figures, scenes, bizarre and fantastic environments, queer people, oddities. But we feel that no one observation is nearer the truth than another. For example, take his description of Aunt Anne's house. The hall, we are told, smelt of "damp and geraniums," on another occasion of "damp biscuits and wet umbrellas," on another of "cracknel biscuits and lamp oil." What did it smell of? And how many times is hissing gas mentioned to make our blood creep? The disquiet pursues us even to the sordid lodgings in King's Cross, where the hall is lighted by a flickering candle, and yet Maggie, in the filthy little sitting-room, *presses the bell* for the servant-maid. But above all let us take Maggie. She has read practically nothing—"that masterpiece, 'Alice in Wonderland,'" and "that masterpiece, 'Robinson Crusoe,'" "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and certain other books. But "the child (for she was nothing more)," as the author countless times assures us, was totally ignorant. Yet entering her aunt's drawing-room for the first time, and stumbling: "They'll think me an idiot who can't enter a room properly," she reflects. This is a highly sophisticated reflection, surely. And she takes a taxi, pays a call, knows just how to address the London maid at the door—behaves, in fact, like a perfect lady. Yet "it is a sufficient witness to Maggie's youth and inexperience" that she is startled and amazed by a cuckoo clock. She did not know such things existed! Again, would that girl notice how much stronger and firmer her uncle's thighs looked when he came to see her in London—would she notice too, at a moment of dreadful stress, the size and plumpness of her husband's thighs "pressing out against the shiny black cloth of his trousers"? Are these *her* observations? No, they are the literary observations of the author. And above all, is it possible that the greenest of young persons would trust the gay, saucy Miss Caroline Smith? In describing Maggie's relation to Caroline, Mr. Walpole appears to have relied on Dickens for his female psychology and his manner; but Dickens is a false friend to his heroine. And who could have taught

Aunt Anne's parrot "Her golden hair was hanging down her back"? And why should Mr. Warlock, in the aunt's drawing-room, ask Maggie to "forgive" his speaking to her—as though they had met at a pillar box? And who can accept her marriage with the Reverend Paul, in the "shadow of whose heart"—for all her physical horror of him—she "fell into deep, dreamless slumber"?

Thus do we receive shock after minute shock, each one leaving us chillier. But in spite of it all, the feeling that remains is the liveliest possible regret that Mr. Walpole should have misjudged his powers—so bravely.

K. M.

"SOME NEW THING"

THREE LIVES. By Gertrude Stein. (Lane. 5s. net.)

MISS GERTRUDE STEIN has discovered a new way of writing stories. It is just to keep right on writing them. Don't mind how often you go back to the beginning, don't hesitate to say the same thing over and over again—people are always repeating themselves—don't be put off if the words sound funny at times: just keep right on, and by the time you've done writing you'll have produced your effect. Take, for instance, the first story of the good Anna who managed the whole little house for Miss Matilda and the three dogs and the underservant as well. For five years Anna managed the little house for Miss Matilda. In those five years there were four underservants. "The one that came first . . ." She was succeeded by Molly; and when Molly left, old Katy came in every day to help Anna with her work. When Miss Matilda went away this summer "old Katy was so sorry, and on the day that Miss Matilda went, old Katy cried hard for many hours. . . . When Miss Matilda early in the fall came to her house again old Katy was not there." At last Anna heard of Sally.

If the reader has by this time settled himself, folded his hands, composed his countenance and decided to stay, we can assure him that Miss Gertrude Stein will not disappoint him. She will treat him to the whole of the good Anna's life from her arrival in America until her death, and to the whole of the gentle Lena's life from when her kind but managing aunt, Mrs. Haydon, brought her to Bridgepoint until her death also—and in between these patient, hard-working, simple German lives there is the life of the negress Melanctha. Now that simple German way of telling about those simple German women may be very soothing—very pleasant—but let the reader go warily, warily with Melanctha. We confess we read a good page or two before we realized what was happening. Then the dreadful fact dawned. We discovered ourselves reading *in syncopated time*. Gradually we heard in the distance, and then coming uncomfortably near, the sound of banjos, drums, bones, cymbals and voices. The page began to rock. To our horror we found ourselves silently singing:

Was it true what Melanctha had said that night to him? Was it true he was the one had made all this trouble for them? Was it true he was the only one who always had had wrong ways in him? Waking or sleeping, Jeff now always had this torment. . . . Those who have heard the Southern Orchestra sing "It's me—it's me—it's me" or "I got a robe" will understand what we mean. "Melanctha" is negro music with all its maddening monotony done into prose; it is writing in real rag-time. Heaven forbid Miss Stein should become a fashion!

K. M.

THE current number of *Voices* (Chapman & Hall, 1s. net) contains some interesting reminiscences of the late Edward Thomas by Mr. W. H. Davies, who was a close friend of his. Mr. Davies reminds us that Thomas, "in spite of keeping his poems going continually from editor to editor, did not succeed in getting one accepted—not even one!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

REMINISCENCES OF A STOWAWAY. By C. E. Gouldsbury. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)—This narrative of the life of the late Alexander Douglas Larymore is written in the form of autobiography, partly from memory of conversations and partly from notes. Larymore's adventures began at the age of 15, when he ran away from home and hid himself in the forecastle of a ship. For some years he was buffeted by tyrannous skippers and storms, till he became an officer in the Bengal Police, and later superintendent and inspector of jails. He tells stories—usually long drawn out—of criminals, dacoity, big-game hunting, snake charming, and other of the staple amusements of India. We do not know if Mr. Gouldsbury is responsible for the moralizing. India owes its prosperity to its administrative officials, the volume concludes. "And why? Because of the loyalty and devotion, inherent in all properly constituted Englishmen, to their country, King and duty." But, confronted with a native woman hunger-striker, Larymore found some quality besides patriotism was needed. Had the prisoner been a man the case would have been simple enough: "I would have awarded him a dozen cuts with a rattan, and, if still rebellious, a second and more liberal dose." The Imperial menace was removed by forcible feeding, and, the nozzle of the pump coming off the tube and threatening to choke the woman till the situation was saved by a skilful doctor, the rebellious Bengali relented and consented to take her rice like a loyal citizen.

POLAND AND THE MINORITY RACES. By Arthur L. Goodhart, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Goodhart was counsel to the American Mission sent to Poland in 1919 to investigate the charges of the wholesale killing of Jews. In this book he gives a more intimate picture of conditions in Poland than it was possible to include in the formal report to the United States Government. No verdict is passed by Mr. Goodhart, whose daily diary records his impressions of the state of savagery wrought by the trappings of the German, Russian, and Polish conquests. He found evidence that the discipline in the Bolshevik armies was very strict, whereas the Mission established cases of pogroms by the Polish soldiers, and were eye-witnesses of the outrages which followed the capture of Minsk from the Bolsheviks. Poles in authority seemed to lack the means of enforcing discipline, and the ignorant were incited to violence by vicious writers in the press. Mr. Goodhart gives some interesting sketches of personalities, including Paderewski and Piłsudski. He met Niemojewski, the most violent anti-Semitic editor in Poland. He was once a Radical, but some years ago Georg Brandes ridiculed one of his books, and he has never forgiven the Jewish race for this insult. His favourite text is that the Old Testament and the Talmud are immoral,

IONA: A HISTORY OF THE ISLAND, WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTES. By F. M. McNeill. (Blackie. 3s. 6d. net.)—This little book deserves to have the place among guide-books which Iona has among islands. Free from the facile admiration and the sentimental romance of books upon historic places, it is not written for the tourist any more than Iona exists for the tourists. When Miss McNeill describes the "places of interest," she is sensible and competent, almost laconic; when she tells the history of Iona, she tells it with imagination. The figure of St. Columba, which has charmed men of all faiths, remains charming in her account, but not so charming as to obscure his elevation of spirit. The man who said, "Heaven has granted to some to see on occasion in their mind, clearly and surely, the whole of earth and sea and sky," was not a mere credulous monk, but a great mind. Miss McNeill traces the history of Iona from the time of the Druids to the present day, and her story is as admirable for its

erudition as it is for the absence of any appearance of it. There are chapters upon "Antiquities" and "Topography," appendices upon "Neighbouring Islands" and "Useful Addresses," and an index.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS. By C. Delisle Burns. (Methuen. 5s. net.)—As the subject of international relations appears to be at present too large for the massed brains of the world, there must be a certain temerity in an author who attempts to compress it in a volume of less than 200 pages. Elementary manuals have, however, always existed to serve as introductions to all branches of study, and it is, perhaps, useless to protest against them, although it is to be feared that they often serve no other purpose than to take a reader from blank ignorance to bewilderment. Mr. Burns's intentions are all excellent, and he gives proof of them in the bibliography with which his book concludes. He really wishes his readers to read more, but whether he is going the right way to persuade them is another matter. Will those for whom he has sketched the great political issues which perplex mankind to-day presently condescend to investigate elsewhere the knotty question of, say, the relationship of Czech and Slovak, dismissed here in less than a paragraph? The cart, it seems, is being put before the horse. Shakespeare should be read before the handbook to Shakespeare is opened. Perhaps we are crying for the moon, but we should certainly like the "History of the Peace Conference of Paris," to which Mr. Burns is a contributor, to be devoured, if not digested, before a page of this small volume is turned.

CHESTNUTS AND SMALL BEER. By H. J. Jennings. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Jennings does his best to make interesting the story of a newspaper editor's unexciting life. He is conscious that the fare he offers is not walnuts and port. The small beer is palatable, and people who are partial to chestnuts will like these. Mr. Jennings, who for many years was editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, has been down a coal mine, up in a balloon, listened to criminal trials, witnessed executions, attended political meetings and bazaars, and written leading articles. The life of a provincial journalist must be one round of gaiety. He has written books on economics, Tennyson, and Newman, and received congratulatory postcards from Gladstone. Some of his anecdotes are amusing. He, knowing nothing of music, ventured to sing "My Pretty Jane" in the presence of Sims Reeves, who assured him he never had heard anyone so carefully avoid the tune. He wrote an article on Browning, whom he found obscure. To a correspondent who drew the poet's attention to it Browning replied that there was no accounting for the vagaries of a donkey. Mr. Jennings is unforgetting, and assures us he never shall recant his opinion.

VITALISM AND SCHOLASTICISM. By Bertram C. A. Windle, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Sands. 8s. 6d. net.)—Dr. Windle carries on the Roman Catholic tradition of controversy. He is more concerned to refute the anti-Vitalists than to affirm Vitalism; and his method is authoritarian—he marshals one set of scientific authorities against another, and leaves the victory with the great names. His method is the less excusable by the fact that he is on the right side. We are wronged when the truth is brought home to us by bad arguments, for then the truth is maimed at the moment that we accept it. Dr. Windle sets out to reconcile the teachings of Scholasticism with Vitalism. The *anima vegetativa*—the vegetable soul; the *anima sensitiva*—the animal soul; and the *anima rationalis*—the soul of man, correspond, he says, with the "genetic energy," the "growth- or bathmic-force," and so on, of science. This one may admit without getting very far, and all that Dr. Windle affirms in saying it is that Aquinas stated indistinctly what science now states exactly. Had he

attempted to interpret Scholasticism anew in the light of Vitalism, his essay would have been interesting. As it is, he accepts Scholasticism, he accepts Vitalism, he affirms that both say the same things, but he will not suffer the one to illumine the other.

MARGINALIA

IN the brevity of life and the perishableness of material things the moral philosophers have always found one of their happiest themes. "Time, which antiquates Antiquities, hath an Art to make dust of all things." There is nothing more moving than those swelling elegiac organ notes in which they have celebrated the mortality of man and all his works. Those of us for whom the proper study of mankind is books dwell with the most poignant melancholy over the destruction of literary treasures. We think of all the pre-Platonic philosophers of whose writings only a few sentences remain. We think of Sappho's poems, all but completely blotted from our knowledge. We think of the missing fragments of the "Satyricon," and of many other precious pages which once were and are now no more. We complain of the holes that time has picked in the records of history, bewailing the loss of innumerable vanished documents. As for buildings, pictures, statues and the accumulated evidence of whole civilizations, all destroyed as though they had never been, they do not belong to our literary province, and, if they did, would be too numerous to catalogue even summarily.

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But because men have once thought and felt in a certain way it does not follow that they will for ever continue to do so. There seems every probability that our descendants, some two or three centuries hence, will wax pathetic in their complaints, not of the fragility, but the horrible persistence and indestructibility of things. They will feel themselves smothered by the intolerable accumulation of the years. The men of to-day are so deeply penetrated with the sense of the perishableness of matter that they have begun to take immense precautions to preserve everything they can. Desolated by the carelessness of our ancestors, we are making very sure that our descendants shall lack no documents when they come to write our history. All is systematically kept and catalogued. Old things are carefully patched and propped into continued existence ; things now new are hoarded up and protected from decay.

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To walk through the book-stores of one of the world's great libraries is an experience that cannot fail to set one thinking on the appalling indestructibility of matter. A few years ago I explored the recently dug cellars into which the overflow of the Bodleian pours in an unceasing stream. The cellars extend under the northern half of the great quadrangle in whose centre stands the Radcliffe Camera. These catacombs are two storeys deep and lined with impermeable concrete. "The muddy damps and ropy slime" of the traditional vault are absent in this great necropolis of letters ; huge ventilating pipes breathe blasts of a dry and heated wind, that makes the place as snug and as unsympathetic to decay as the deserts of Central Asia. The books stand in metal cases constructed so as to slide in and out of position on rails. So ingenious is the arrangement of the cases that it is possible to fill two-thirds of the available space, solidly, with books. Twenty years or so hence, when the existing vaults will take no more books, a new cellar can be dug on the opposite side of the Camera. And when that is full—it is only a matter of half a century from now—what then ? We shrug our shoulders. After us the deluge. But let us

hope that Bodley's Librarian of 1970 will have the courage to emend the last word to "bonfire." To the bonfire ! That is the only satisfactory solution of an intolerable problem.

* * * *

The deliberate preservation of things must be compensated for by their deliberate and judicious destruction. Otherwise the world will be overwhelmed by the accumulation of antique objects. Pigs and watercress, when they were first introduced into New Zealand, threatened to lay waste the country, because there were no natural compensating forces of destruction to put a stop to their indefinite multiplication. In Australia the slaughter of rabbits has to be organized by the State. In the same way, mere things, such as books, once they are set above the natural laws of decay by the agency of a thousand libraries, museums and careful individuals, will end by burying us, unless we set about methodically to get rid of the nuisance. Nine out of every ten books that are published and at least ninety-nine out of every hundred newspapers might be destroyed and nothing but advantage accrue to the world of the future. The plea that they should all be preserved—every novel of Nat Gould and every issue of *Comic Cuts*—as historical documents is not a valid one. The study of history can be carried too far. Nobody wants to know all the details of physical and spiritual life on every single day of the past—nobody, except those who are eaten up by an itch for mere facts and information for their own sake : and they are the victims of a vice no less reprehensible than greed or avarice. "It is enough," our descendants will say, "it is enough to possess a single copy of the *Evening News* and to be aware that 825,825 people bought this paper every afternoon in the summer of 1920. To possess the complete file is unnecessary, and to read through it would be a madness."

* * * *

Hand in hand with this judicious process of destruction must go an elaborate classification of what remains. As Mr. Wells says in his large opulent way, "the future world-state's organization of scientific research and record compared with that of to-day will be like an ocean liner beside the dug-out canoe of some early heliolithic wanderer." With the vast and indiscriminate multiplication of books and periodicals our organization of records tends to become ever more heliolithic. Useful information on any given subject is so widely scattered or may be hidden in such obscure places that the student is often at a loss to know what he ought to study or where. An immense international labour of bibliography and classification must be undertaken at no very distant date, if future generations of researchers are to make the fullest use of the knowledge that has already been gained.

* * * *

But this constructive labour will be tedious and insipid compared with the glorious business of destruction. Huge bonfires of paper will blaze for days and weeks together, whenever the libraries undertake their periodical purgation. The only danger, and, alas ! it is a very real danger, is that the libraries will infallibly purge themselves of the wrong books. We all know what librarians are ; and not only librarians, but critics, literary men, general public—everybody, in fact, with the exception of ourselves—we know what they are like, we know them : there never was a set of people with such bad taste ! Committees will doubtless be set up to pass judgment on books, awarding acquittals and condemnations in magisterial fashion. It will be a sort of gigantic Hawthornden competition. At that thought I find that the flames of my great bonfires lose much of their imagined lustre.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"WANG THE NINTH," by Putnam Weale (Collins, 9s. net), an interesting study of a Chinese boy's life-history, is brought down to the date of the Boxer rebellion, a period of which the author, as we understand, can speak from personal experience. Wang, the eighth child of humble parents, has a strong character and the good sense to ask for what he wants, and thus escapes starvation in infancy, and later obtains employment with an English resident. Here he is, according to his own standard, amazingly well treated, and in requital shows great and heroic fidelity when the crisis arises. The book is throughout written, at least theoretically, from the native point of view, and has, in consequence, an unusual and fascinating quality.

Hard and adventurous toil amid primitive surroundings is the theme which we naturally associate with Mr. Harold Bindloss, and "The Head of the House" (Ward & Lock, 7s. net) is no exception. Its hero, a Canadian engineer, in love with a shipowner's daughter, is entrusted by her father with the task of salvaging a sunken vessel off the West African coast. The dangers and difficulties of this enterprise, and the business complications at home by which it was rendered necessary, are described with the author's customary skill. The heroine and the various members of her family have more individuality than is usual in this class of literature.

Ghosts, vampires, suggestion, and the subconscious self—such is the attractive medley of wares new and old presented in "The Green Lady," by Violet Tweedale (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net). The ancient abbey, of which portions are kept permanently locked up, while the position of others is supposed to be unknown even to the oldest inhabitant, might have come from Mrs. Radcliffe. The somnambulist, obsessed with memories which can only be dispelled by confession under hypnotism, provides an up-to-date element. The earlier part of the book is in its way excellent; but, as so often happens, the conclusion leaves us with a sense of openings not followed up, and sensations inadequately accounted for. There is a sub-current of sociological propaganda, a little vague perhaps, but soothing and hopeful.

"Drake's Drum," by Draycot M. Dell (Jarrold, 7s. 6d. net), has something of the fire and spirit which are essential to historical romance, especially when arms and the man are its themes. But the effect is, in our opinion, much impaired by the author's custom of blending twentieth-century slang with archaisms gleaned at random from the language of several distinct centuries. Hawkins and Drake, Spaniards and Devonians, are presented much from the same point of view as in "Westward Ho!" But Queen Bess as a sympathetic matchmaker is a novel attraction.

Mr. Henry St. John Cooper has attained a certain reputation, but we doubt if it will be materially increased by "James Bevanwood, Baronet" (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d. net). The chivalrous and illiterate hero, promoted suddenly to a large inheritance, is a good fellow, but can scarcely be pronounced original. The heroine, with her ignorance of facts familiar even to children of the "sheltered" class, is frankly incredible as a girl who has worked for her living in a public laundry, and neither villain nor villainess is particularly convincing. The author's clear and agreeable style and sympathetic outlook give the story some attractions. But even after Sir James and Lady Bevanwood have come to a satisfactory understanding with one another, we are haunted by doubts as to their future happiness amid unaccustomed splendours, and their adequacy for the duties which accompany them.

"Van Zanten's Happy Days," by Laurids Bruun (Gylldendal, 7s. 6d. net), purports to describe the experiences of a Dutchman who, some half-century back, "went native" upon one of the South Sea islands. The book is not a literary masterpiece like "Le Mariage de Loti." Properly speaking, indeed, it is not literature at all. But its bald statements of fact (or what we assume to be such) have a value of their own. Like many other writers, Van Zanten is enthusiastic in his admiration for the Polynesian women. We find no difficulty in realizing their charm; but the details which the author adduces have by no means the effect of converting us to his view that their position in an environment unspoiled by civilization was calculated to inspire envy in the inhabitants of less favoured regions. Childless wives would seem to have fared even worse than in India.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FRANCIS JEFFREY, in the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820, dealing both with "Endymion" and with Keats's later poems, admits that

Mr. Keats has unquestionably a very beautiful imagination, and a great familiarity with the finest diction of English poetry; but he must learn not to misuse or misapply these advantages; and neither to waste the good gifts of nature and study on intractable themes, nor to luxuriate too recklessly on such as are more suitable.

The *British Critic*, which in 1818 had unscrupulously ridiculed "Endymion," is only partially repentant in September, 1820; but its writer is forced to hedge:

If there be one person in the present day, for whom we feel an especial contempt, it is Mr. Examiner Hunt; and we confess that it is not easy for us to bring our minds to entertain respect for any one whose taste, whether in morals, in poetry, or politics, is so exceedingly corrupt as that person's must be supposed to be, who is willing to take such a man for his model. It was for this reason that Mr. Keats fell under our lash so severely, upon the occasion of his poem of "Endymion." Upon recurring to the poem, we are not unwilling to admit, that it possesses more merit, than upon a first perusal of it we were able to perceive, or rather than we were in a frame of mind to appreciate [candour with a vengeance!]

We can hardly doubt as to that poem having been corrected by our modern Malvolio, and projected by his advice and under his superintendence:—so full was it, of all the peculiarities of that ingenious gentleman's ideas. The effect of this upon Mr. Keats's poetry was like an infusion of ipecacuanha powder in a dish of marmalade . . . In the poems before us, the same obstacle to a dispassionate judgment, is still to be encountered—not perhaps to so great a degree, as upon the former occasion, but still in such a degree, as to reflect great praise, we think, upon our impartiality for the commendation which we feel willing to bestow. We cannot approve of the morality of the principal poems in this little collection.

A critic in the *Monthly Review* for July, 1820, thus writes of "Lamia," etc.:

This little volume must and ought to attract attention, for it displays the ore of true poetic genius, though mingled with a large portion of dross. Mr. Keats is a very bold author, . . . and he has carried his peculiarities both of thought and manner to an extreme which, at the first view, will to many persons be very displeasing. Yet, whatever may be his thoughts, he is no *Della Crusca* poet; for, though he is frequently involved in ambiguity, and dressed in the affectation of quaint phrases, we are yet sure of finding in all that he writes the proof of deep thought and energetic reflection . . . he is continually shocking our ideas of poetical decorum, at the very time when we are acknowledging the hand of genius. A former work by this very young poet ("Endymion"), which escaped our notice, cannot certainly be said to have had a fair trial before the public; and now that an opportunity is afforded for correcting that injustice, we trust that the candour of all readers will take advantage of it. For ourselves, we think that Mr. Keats is very faulty. . . . Most unluckily for him, he is a disciple in a school in which these peculiarities, strange intricacies of thought, and peculiarities of expression, are virtues: but the praises of this small *coterie* will hardly compensate for the disapprobation of the rest of the literary world. . . . Be this as it may, his writings present us with so many fine and striking ideas, or passages, that we shall always read his poems with much pleasure.

This critic thinks "Hyperion" the best poem in the volume, and "The Pot of Basil" the worst.

In Sir Sidney Colvin's "John Keats" (1918) portions of the above review are by inadvertence quoted as from "Constable's *Edinburgh* (formerly the *Scots*) Magazine."

According to the *Edinburgh Magazine* (Constable's) for August, 1820,

Mr. Keats is a poet of high and undoubted powers. He has evident peculiarities, which some of the London critics, who are averse to his style, have seized upon and produced as fair specimens of his writings; and this has operated, of course, to his disadvantage with the public, who have scarcely had an opportunity of judging what his powers really are. . . . He is, perhaps, the poet, above all others, that we should refer to, in case we were challenged to produce single lines of extraordinary beauty.

In October, 1820, the writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine* expresses great admiration for some of the lines in "Lamia," recommends "Isabella" as "eminently beautiful," has unqualified praise for the "Ode to a Nightingale," and declares, finally, that Mr. Keats's volumes, while not "faultless books," contain "perhaps as much absolute poetry as the works of almost any contemporary writer."

DICKENS AND CHANCERY LANE

CHARLES DICKENS, 1812—1870

THE recent fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens awakens in one's memory the many changes that have taken place in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane during the past fifty years or so.

I have been associated both typographically and topographically for that long period with the Snagsby locality, i.e. Cook's Court, portrayed in "Bleak House" (first issued in 1853), and there certainly was, when I first entered that neighbourhood, a general atmosphere reminiscent of Charles Dickens' work. Incidentally I may mention that I was born in the district, and my business connection with the locality commenced prior to his death in 1870. This being continuous, it has occurred to me that a few short notes might be interesting to your readers. All references to Dickens' Cook's Court have been italicized.

In chapter x. of "Bleak House" he says: "On the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, that is to say, more particularly in *Cook's Court*, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, Law-Stationer, pursues his lawful calling." This obviously refers to Took's Court, situated in Cursitor Street, which, according to an old map published in 1740, was previously called Tuke's Court. Moreover the description of the houses and individuals generally agrees with my own personal and early knowledge of the district. But by a coincidence there was a real Cook's Court, but this was situated on the western side of Chancery Lane. This court, too, was mostly given up to law-stationers who lived over their offices, but it is probable a better class of tradesmen worked and lived there, because I recollect, in my early days, a beadle armed with a cane, and wearing a gold band round his hat, was specially employed to patrol the place to keep it quiet and select. This court in question ran from Serle Street to that part of Carey Street which faced the eastern wing of the site on which stood the old King's College Hospital. This hospital in quite recent years was removed to Denmark Hill, S.E., and the ground covered by a large building for Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, but was requisitioned by the Government during the late war. This proper Cook's Court was exactly south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, but with Portugal Street intervening, and was bounded by Serle Street and Carey Street respectively. This island property was demolished about thirty years or so ago, and New Court, a large block of business and residential chambers, erected thereon. It includes a quadrangle, and is approached from the Carey Street corner of Serle Street. It was across this quadrangle that the real Cook's Court ran, east to west.

Returning to Dickens' Cook's Court, I take this opportunity of reminding your readers that the printing and publishing offices of THE ATHENÆUM, and also *Notes and Queries*, were formerly in Took's Court (adjoining the Chiswick Press, which has been there since 1828); but on March 25, 1892, they were removed to premises specially erected in Bream's Buildings, which is quite close by, and which had also been much altered before the removal there. The Crown had acquired the site in Took's Court for an extension of H.M. Patent Office.

I have already said that my early experience of Took's Court tallied in all respects with Dickens' description of Cook's Court, and his account of Snagsby and his wife was more or less typical of the several law-writers or stationers that worked and lived over their different offices. Occasionally one saw a figure flitting about on business quite in keeping with that of Snagsby, and, in my recollection, there was certainly at least one good lady who had some of the characteristics of Mrs. Snagsby, but as probably now all the old inhabitants have departed this life there can be no libel attached to my statement. This same business of law-writing was much in evidence in the immediate neighbourhood in former years; but, owing to many new orders and fresh regulations of the authorities from time to time, the amount of writing has been much curtailed—the various legal forms and documents being simplified and co-ordinated so much that printing and typewriting have largely superseded handwriting.

A few fairly old houses of the Dickens character are still extant in Took's Court, viz. Nos. 11, 13, 14 and 15, but, owing to further proposed extensions of H.M. Patent Office already referred to, some of these are to be swept away in the near future—their present existence is only due to the late war.

These houses are of mid-eighteenth-century design and structure. No. 11 is particularly good.

It is a fact that many so-called "Spunging houses" existed in the neighbourhood, and one stood in Took's Court in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan was confined for debt. It is also interesting to note that before Charles Whittingham took a lease of No. 21, Took's Court for his press, the same premises had been occupied by two other printers of some repute, viz. Richard Valpy (of Valpy's Classics fame) and also John M'Creery, who was considered a good printer and a poet too. Whittingham also acquired the premises next door, No. 20, but as they were not adapted for a printing-house, he pulled them down and rebuilt that half of the present home of the Chiswick Press.

Since my first entry into business the neighbourhood has been altered very much indeed. Chancery Lane, Cursitor Street, and Carey Street were all bottle-necked thoroughfares, but have been widened in my time, and many old houses have been demolished and rebuilt, so much so that little remains of Chancery Lane as I first knew it. Holborn Hill has disappeared, and the Viaduct has risen in its place. Temple Bar was removed, and the Law Courts which partially absorbed Clement's Inn, were concentrated in the Strand, adjoining the old site of Temple Bar. Serjeants' Inn, in Chancery Lane, has also disappeared, and Rolls' Yard and Chapel both made way for a large extension of the Public Record Office. Clifford's Inn has been parcelled out for buildings on lease, but fortunately, in this case, the Hall is preserved, and is at present occupied by the Imperial Society of Knights Bachelor. Also the old gateway to Lincoln's Inn in Chancery Lane still stands, but Furnival's Inn was demolished and absorbed by the Prudential Assurance Company many years ago, and Staple's Inn has also been acquired by the same company, but that is practically untouched except the south side, now faced by the Patent Office. The garden here has been re-laid as an old English formal garden, and is well worth a visit. Barnard's Inn is another one of Dickens' interest, and this was acquired by the Worshipful Company of Mercers, the Hall being adapted for their day-school, but part of the ground has been covered with modern buildings.

Both the inns of the Middle and Inner Temple remain much the same except for the new Hall of the latter, which was erected about fifty years ago, and also for some minor but necessary alterations, principally confined to the Middle Temple. These same remarks, too, apply to Lincoln's Inn and to Gray's Inn during the same period. A smaller but less important inn, called New Inn, was entirely swept away by the new thoroughfares of Aldwych and Kingsway, which also wiped out Wych Street and Holywell Street, the home of so many secondhand booksellers, now established further west, and very near another of Dickens' scenes—that of the Seven Dials. Clare Market, too, is another neighbourhood that has disappeared to make room for the improved communication between the Strand and Holborn.

Middle Row, a series of old houses that formed a block—in more senses than one—and stood in the middle of Holborn, opposite Gray's Inn Road, was removed preceding Dickens' death, and was a great relief to the passing traffic in Holborn.

Road traffic is a thing that has developed in a most marked manner, and I recollect the old "Favourite" omnibuses, with three horses harnessed abreast, that used to run morning and evening up down Chancery Lane.

One other interesting feature since the decline of law-writing has been the development of the printing trade in this district. Time was when the working printer was, perhaps, more of an aristocrat, or, rather, a conservative mind, for he usually wore a top hat; he also worked long hours, and that, too, for a small wage. Nowadays he has a much shortened week of labour; his wages have nearly trebled, and the top hat has been discarded for the bowler or even more humble cloth cap—this surely is a sign of growing democracy. I sometimes think, even though the conditions of those former days were not altogether satisfactory, that he found life less strenuous, and was more content in a general way, as Dickens described him. There certainly was not the hurry and hustle of the present day, when life all round is more difficult and harassing. So some consideration must be made for prevailing conditions when the worker demands a bigger place in the community, both economic and politic.

CHAS. T. JACOBI.

Science

A MODEL TEXT-BOOK

PRACTICAL PLANT BIO-CHEMISTRY. By Muriel Wheldale Onslow. (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)

IS text-book writing an Art, duly to be dignified with initial capital? The fact that many text-books are indescribably shoddy gives no indication of the answer to this conundrum. For every one bad text-book there could be named ten bad novels. Some text-books show mercenary aims, or evil methods or misleading results. But can we not make, and justly, analogous criticisms of much music that is being written to-day? If in spite of this we are still to include novel-writing and musical composition in the category of the Arts, there is so far no ground for excluding the making of text-books.

It is interesting to observe how, on the infrequent occasions when we meet a thoroughly good text-book, we find both the methods used and the results secured curiously suggestive of more obviously aesthetic achievements. The careful marshalling of known facts, the unbiased statement of rival theories, the rigorously fair enunciation of conflicting opinions—is there not in these something allied both to the statuque in its coolness and dignity and to the fugal in its order and rhythm? The emotional satisfaction that derives from so crudely intellectual an activity can be paralleled in the mathematician's fancy for the "elegant proposition" or the "beautiful demonstration." We recall the emphatic statement of a chess-playing friend that the works of Morphy and of Bach arouse in him identical emotions.

The rules to which a good text-book must conform are not unlike some of the canons of admittedly creative works. Restraint, clarity, balance, relevance, seem to be fundamental necessities in the writing alike of sonnets, symphonies and text-books. Unfortunately it is all too rare to find a text-book whose author seems even to have heard of such qualities, let alone to have embodied them. The pleasure, therefore, with which we read such a book as the one before us is in part accounted for by its uniqueness; we are not guilty of much exaggeration in saying that we "read it from cover to cover," experienced "breathless interest," and "could not put it down." It is admirably removed from the popular treatise, whose object is generally, by means of vaguely humanitarian appeals, to convince the truly broad-minded citizen of the "usefulness" of some part, or even the whole, of science.

This book has a definite, and so a limited, object. It attempts to set out all the important facts established as to the chemical processes that occur inside the living plant. A certain rudimentary knowledge of botany and a general acquaintance with elementary organic chemistry are both very wisely assumed; a text-book on neither of these subjects is intended. Where ninety out of every hundred text-books go hopelessly astray is in their failure to make this kind of assumption. It will consequently happen that an introduction to, say, elementary electricity will be interrupted and confused by a chapter on the metric system or the use of logarithms. By taking for granted a certain knowledge of organic chemistry, Mrs. Onslow has been able to keep her book a reasonable length, and to devise a thoroughly informative and realist series of experimental illustrations to each section.

The author has on the whole preserved an admirable balance between the amounts of consideration she gives to various groups of substances. There is, however, one pardonable exception to this general keeping of proportion. Mrs. Onslow is herself an authority on the anthocyanin

pigments, and has contributed valuably to our knowledge of these compounds. The temptation to give to these, and the other, plant pigments a disproportionate share of space has proved too much for her, and they actually get thirteen whole pages out of one hundred and seventy-eight (which, by the way, include an index and excellent bibliography of books and papers). Perhaps, though, this is the one licence allowed the scientific writer, even in a text-book, to "spread himself," as they say, in his own "shop." Analogies in pure literature are plentiful; no one resents Mr. Conrad's continual return to the sea, or Mr. Bennett's periodical revisiting of the Five Towns, or the reiterated discussion of sexual promiscuity in the books of some of our younger novelists.

Closely allied to balance is adequacy, which is the inclusion of everything relevant. Relevancy must have reference to the scope, or degree of advancedness, of the whole book, as well as to any "absolute" importance of the particular piece of information. On this point two faults may be found with Mrs. Onslow. Several times in this book she admits, without hesitation, that very little is known of a certain group of substances or of a particular method of plant synthesis. Failure to mention in any way the accessory food factors, all of which are of ultimately vegetable origin, is not therefore to be justified on the ground of inadequate present knowledge. Their great importance justifies even a mere summary of our ignorance. Just a statement of the chief sources of the three recognized "vitamines" might be a step towards correlating their dietary properties with the morphology of the place of origin. Is, for example, the anti-neuritic factor always associated with germination? An estimate of our very scanty information of the whole subject would not be out of place in such a book as this, and might suggest new lines of work to a number of readers.

Again, we find nowhere any mention of the plant sterols. The extraordinary regularity with which this compound—or class of compounds—appears in small quantities associated with vegetable waxes, and its obviously close connection with cholesterol and coprosterol and other sterols of animal tissue, suggest a rôle sufficiently important to justify at least a reference, however brief.

Apart from these few and perhaps minor blemishes, we can find no further fault with this book. There is no need to say anything of its production. The name of the publishers suggests that it will be quite immaculate in appearance, without the slightest suggestion of preciosity. And that is the case.

A. L. B.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 15. King's College, 4.—"The Rise of Art in the West: Introduction," Professor Percy Dearmer.
 Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Bones and Muscles of the Trunk," Lecture III., Professor A. Thomson.
 Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"British Trade with India," Mr. T. M. Ainscough.
- Mon. 18. Bibliographical (20, Hanover Square), 5.—"Experiences of a Bibliographer," Mr. Falconer Madan's Presidential Address.
 University College, 5.30.—"Book Selection: Maxims, Means, Methods," Dr. E. A. Baker.
- Tues. 19. University College, 5.30.—"The Logic of Speech Forms," Lecture I., Rev. A. Darby.
 Zoological, 5.30.—"Observations on the Flight of Flying-Fishes," Dr. E. H. Hankin; "On some Results of ligaturing the Anterior Abdominal Vein in the Indian Toad (*Bufo stomaticus*)," Dr. W. N. F. Woodland; "Life-History of the Yellow Dung-Fly: a Blow-Fly Check," Mr. G. Cotterell.
- Wed. 20. University College, 3.—"The Paradiso," Lecture I., Professor E. G. Gardner.
 Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Lower Limb: its Connection with the Trunk," Lecture I., Professor A. Thomson.
 School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 5.—"The Peoples of the Nile Valley," Lecture III., Professor C. G. Seligman.

- Thurs. 21. School of Oriental Studies, 12 noon.—“Africa before 1500,” Lecture III., Miss Alice Werner.
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Fine Arts

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SOME CENTENARY REFLECTIONS.—II.

ANY large rearrangement of the Greek Sculpture would raise questions of grouping. It is certain that single works not only need friendly support, but that their apparent value may be greatly enhanced by well-chosen neighbours. For instance, the finest Mycenaean group in any museum in the world, except that at Candia, could be formed within the frame of the great doorway of the Treasury of Atreus. The two pieces of the sculptured oxen dado might be made much more of; Mr. Hall rightly speaks of them as the finest fragments of Aegean sculpture which exist. As it is they are shown in a haphazard way, the legs of the second piece being at a higher level than the head of the first. If mounted properly with drawn lines suggesting the restorations—one ox charging with his head down, and the other with his head bent back to his shoulder—it would be evident to all what lively pieces these were. Then a few of the pots and some casts of the wonderful ivories and gems actually in the Museum might also be grouped here. The dismembering of what is one body of art into several watertight compartments largely destroys its teaching power. In a similar way a typical early Athenian group representative of the age of Pisistratus might be formed around the remarkable archaic cult-statue from the temple at Rhamnus. This precious broken image, which stands forlorn in a corner with the Lycian sculptures, is a sister work of the famous *Korai* found on the Acropolis, and by comparison with those a drawn restoration might confidently be made. If Inwood’s beautiful early Ionic capital brought from Athens and a few selected vases were associated with this statue, they would tell their story better, the beauty value of each would be enhanced, and together they would make an impression. Small groups of vases would greatly gain by separation from the multitude—it is now very difficult to see a vase for the pottery. Some selected vases set out on marble tables in the Munich Museum appealed to me more than any others I have seen. Many other centres of gravity might be formed from the works of local schools. Thus a fine Rhodian *stele* has recently been acquired and put with the Townley collection high up on the wall, while in the basement at least two excellent heads, 1781 and 1783, are banished. The *stele*, I may say in passing, is in fine preservation, and it should be brought down where the surface could be seen; it is, I think, entire—not a fragment, as suggested. Sculptures from Cyrene are sprinkled all over the galleries; but nowhere is there a special centre for this late Hellenistic school. Occasional minor exhibitions would be valuable to students; objects might be temporarily brought up from those mysterious cellars, and the collections of valuable drawings could be made known. The introduction of a few green plants might help the “atmosphere” of the Museum.

Out of such reconsiderations and rearrangements a yet more exquisite manner of exposition might be developed. Uttermost order, dustless cleanliness, and ceremonial presentation are museum essentials; then all the descriptions should be kept up to date. Visitors have a right not to be betrayed by too antiquated information. Authorities cannot notice all the trivial suggestions that are put out, but it is their business to know at once what is proved, and even to welcome a probability.

The places of honour in the Museum are not occupied by the most honourable works. The long vista through the gallery of the Parthenon marbles is terminated by a rather feeble figure thus described: “Statue of a Mourning Woman which has probably surmounted a tomb: Attic work of the fourth century B.C. (?) At a later period the figure seems to have been repaired and reused, and the name of a Roman lady, P. Maximina, daughter of Sextilius Clemens, lightly engraved on the plinth. Trentham sale, 1907.” In its present form the statue, as shown by the base, occupied a niche, and I do not think there is sufficient reason to suppose it ever surmounted a tomb. It seems rather to be a portrait statue of the first century A.D. The repairs may be semi-modern; many remain in place notwithstanding rough usage. The inscription was carefully cut in beautiful lettering filled up with red, of which the letters . . . INA SEXTILI CLEMENTIS can be easily made out. The form of the base and the way the statue is inserted into it are characteristic of a large number of Graeco-Roman works; the Townley Venus, for instance, is very similar, and the little Venus from Ostia is also like it, except that the outer base is not moulded. To me there seems every probability that the name was put on it at once, and not after a long interval. Many statues are known which are similar to this one, and they must be variants of some famous original, perhaps by Praxiteles. One of the group of Muses found on a relief at Mantinea closely resembles our statue. Unless the claim is made that the little Trentham lady is a great master-work, the source of the series, it is difficult to understand what the hoped-for originality can have been. “Original” or not, it is altogether ineffective in its present position, where a really strong note—a full stop, not a mere comma—is required. Moreover, placing it here in the chief position is choosing this elegant little eclecticism as one of the most worshipful works in the whole Museum. It is out of scale in every sense.

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To hold an exhibition so soon after that of Camille Pissarro's work at the Leicester Galleries is deliberately to challenge comparison. But apart from this the inner affinities between father and son make comparison unavoidable. Lucien Pissarro is fundamentally a derivative painter, although a good one, and if the influence had not been his father, it would have been someone else, and this someone else would have been one of the most important things about Lucien Pissarro's work. As it is, this work is Camille Pissarro brought up to date, but with a flagging of the early inspiration. The colour is sharper and more metallic, there is a greater division of tones, and while the passion for staccato light effects is maintained, there is also a greater emphasis on form and structure in the spatial sense of the terms. Hence the love of bare trees with their intricacies of branch formations, and of the contrasts in tone, size and in direction of movement between different trees in the summer bearing their full mass of leaves. Nevertheless, for all this closer conformity with contemporary formulae about structure and decoration, the inner psychological structure or form of Lucien's pictures is inferior to that of Camille's, because there is a great deal in them which is lifeless and devoid of significance. Take, for instance, the barge in the right-hand corner of No. 20, "The Thames from Lambeth." The lines of it are copy-book work. And even when there is no glaring lapse such as this, and the emotional level is well sustained, yet the emotion itself is somehow just a little flat. At first sight our enthusiasm is aroused, but soon a feeling grows that behind the brushwork and the layer of colour

there is hiding a photograph. This, of course, is mere metaphor designed to throw our meaning into relief, and it is misleading in the sense that it leaves out of account the very considerable charm of these paintings, their dignity and serenity, their admirable absence of self-consciousness and virtuous, whose place is filled by a steadiness of purpose and refinement of taste which touches the border line between creation and scholarship.

Félix Vallotton will already be known to English readers of Meier-Graefe's "Modern Art" as the author of some drawings reproduced in the first volume, and it may have been a source of speculation to some of these readers why Meier-Graefe, who is in many respects an acute critic, should have chosen to include these drawings. For they are decidedly clumsy. The present exhibition does not provide any satisfactory solution, for the works there are very self-satisfied and very even in their accomplishment. But it remains the accomplishment of mediocrity.

This may be thought rather too strong and emphatic a position to take up. It would be so, if there were not a danger of M. Vallotton being hailed as the first-rate artist which, in our opinion, he definitely is not. He strikes just that mean between the modern "experimental" and the conservative styles which might make an immediate appeal to the popular sensibility. That there should be some mean of this kind we readily admit; but M. Vallotton really attains, not a mean, but a compromise. He attracts both by his summary simplification and his vigorous realism; yet neither is completely effective. The simplification is insensitive and the realism illusory. No. 12, "La Mer à Saint Malo," is an admirable instance. There are two main motifs in the picture: the stark tones of the rocks jutting out into the sea and the diversified repetition of the curvature of the wave lines running in between the rock partitions. This is a general analytical statement of something which might itself be charged with a deep and unique emotion. Yet the actual lines and tones of the picture are themselves just this very generality. Similarly with the studies of people. Strong emphasis is placed on the three-dimensional character of the body. In No. 5, "Collier bleu," the chest of the lady is unmistakably a channel for breathing; yet this does not carry in itself any aesthetic value. After our first exclamation, we coldly set to work to find out how the effect was produced. There are, of course, numerous large-sized still lives. There is no clear need for such big pictures. Certainly a picture does not gain intrinsically by being small, but it stands more chance of concealing its weaknesses and it condenses and concentrates its charms. M. Vallotton's still lives have a specious realism, and the broad treatment produces the customary decorative effect, but there is a lack of research, of intensity and of imaginative effort.

Passing immediately from M. Vallotton's pictures to those by M. Sancha at the Twenty-One Gallery, we do not have the sensation of contact with a new individuality. There is no continuous connection between the two collections of pictures, but we still move in the same circle. The contemporary spirit investing the two artists is more potent than their own creative force. M. Sancha is less stolid and reserved; but he expresses his feeling in similar terms, and his feeling is of much the same order. He has a more conscious leaning towards irregular, contrasting effects: the pattern of the swirling eddies made by the tidal movement in the Thames, the lonely circle of light of a shaded street lamp, the town lights striking quaint shadows with the forms of park trees. These stir in him an impulse which finds an echo in our own sentiments. But he does not explore the impulse sufficiently. He does not penetrate much further than we do ourselves into our hurried impressions.

The most pleasant feature of Mr. Harold Harvey's paintings is their colour. It is not his own invention, any more than are the bright colours of the modern fashions in dresses the invention of those whom they adorn. Nevertheless, these colours are distinctly preferable in our eyes and in our contemporary circumstances to the dingier colours of yesterday. Three different influences can be detected in Mr. Harvey's paintings: the Newlyn influence (typical fishermen and boys playing whistles), the John Strang influence (Madonna with a blue shawl and a hilly background), and that of the International Society's luxuriant still lives and sun-dappled interiors. Perhaps this is what a daily newspaper meant when it said that Mr. Harvey has a "nice taste in the choice of his subjects."

A. H. H.

Music

PLAIN AND EASY

MUSICAL text-books are not as a rule diverting to the general reader; an increasing number of them in these days, it is true, profess to cater for his needs rather than for those of the avowed student, but if he opens their pages at all he is usually in quest of instruction rather than entertainment. To those who are willing to put up with a little of the former in the hope of obtaining a reasonable measure of the latter, Morley's "Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musick" is to be commended. It is cast in dialogue form. So, for the matter of that, is the "Gradus ad Parnassum," which is a kindly work enough, and even acquires a certain sprightliness when translated into French. But Fux lacked the broad humanity and keen dramatic instinct of his English forerunner, and the "Gradus" will never be enrolled in the glorious company of the bed-books. The "Plaine and Easie Introduction," however, has claims that merit serious consideration.

The protagonists are three in number, and their names—Philomathes, Polymathes, Master—give an indication of the part each has to play. The immediate cause of the events related in the book is the discomfiture of the first-named at a "banquet" given by one Master Sophobulus on the previous night, when,

Supper being ended and Musicke booke (according to the Custome) being brought to the table; the Mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing: but when, after many excuses, I protested unfaidely that I could not, Everyone began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make my selfe his scholler.

He would hardly have been so sensitive to-day. Even the Master was rather surprised:

Ma. You tell me a wonder, for I have heard you so much speake against that art, as to tearme it a corrupter of good manners, and an allurement to vices: for which many of your companions tearm'd you a *Stoick*.

Phi. It is true, but I am so farre changed, as of a *Stoick* I would willingly make a *Pythagorian*. And for that I am impatient of delay, I pray you begin even now.

Ma. With a good will: But have you learned nothing at all in Musicke before?

Phi. Nothing. Therefore I pray begin at the very beginning, and teach me as though I were a childe.

Ma. I will do so: and therefore behold, here is the Scale of Musicke, which we tearme the Gam.

At this point the book really begins. The first two parts of it are devoted to an orthodox (though hardly plain or easy) exposition of the traditional theories of Moods, Prolations, Proportions, Ligatures, and so forth, jealously preserved and handed down from generation to generation of musical craftsmen, although they had ceased to have the slightest bearing on the practical composition of the period. Even the ingenuous Philomathes soon begins to fidget:

This is easie and verie profitable: therefore seeing you have set downe the ancient *Modes* (which hereafter may come in request, as the shotten-bellied doublet and the great breeches), I pray you come to the declaration of those we use now.

All through these first two books it is most entertaining to watch how Morley carefully and ostentatiously builds up the usual elaborate scaffolding of pedantry, and then gives it a sly push to show how easily it tumbles down again. He is particularly felicitous in his handling of the doctrine of Proportion, which by that time had become virtually a professional conspiracy to prevent the layman from suspecting the simple truth that every minim is the equivalent of two crotchets. With solemn complacency he draws up a table containing "all the usual Proportions" (O the unctuousness of that "usual"!), and explains to

Philomathes that if you want, for instance, to give one of your parts a cross rhythm (as we should call it) in 24/42 time, all you have to do is to follow the lines in the table from their starting-point until they converge, and there, in the angle of concourse, is what you require. *Proportion supertripartitione quartas.* It is so simple. All the singer has to do is to keep time. A demonstration from the works of one Julio Renaldi follows, and again the pupil betrays a deplorable scepticism :

Phi. This hath been a mighty mus call furie, which has caused him to show such diversite in such small bounds.

Ma. True, but he was moved so to doe by the wordes of his text : which reason also moved *Alexandro Striggio* to make this other, wherein you have one point handled first in the ordinarie Moode through all the parts, then in Triples through all the parts, and lastly in proportions, no part like unto another.

It looks as if there might be trouble ahead, but the tactfulness of both master and pupil is equal to the occasion :

Phi. Now I think you may proceed to the examples of your other *proportions*.

Ma. You say well : and therefore take this song, peruse it, and sing it perfectly ; and I doubt not but you may sing any reasonable hard wrote song that may come to your sight.

The tune of this edifying ditty cannot be set down here ; the words are as follows :

Christes crosse be my speed
In all vertue to proceede.
A b c d e f g
H i k l m n o p
Q, r, s and t
Double w v x with y
Ezod and per se.
Tittle tittle est Amen,
When you have done, begin again.

In the third book Polymathes appears on the scene, chiefly to show how far he has been outstripped by Philomathes, and (by inference) how far superior the Master's teaching is to that of the rival pedagogue, "Maister Bouldie," of whom a lively picture is given. He was evidently in the habit of extemporizing descant with a friend, and once more we find the unlucky Proportions being made to serve as whipping-boy :

What ? saith the one, you keepe not time in your proportions you sing them false (saith the other) what proportion is this (saith hee) *Sesqui-paltry* saith the other : nay (would the other say) you sing you know not what, it should seeme you came latelie from a Barbers shop where you had *Gregory Walker* or a *Curranta plaida* in the newe proportions by them lately found out, called *Sesquiblinda*, and *Sesqui harken-after* . . .

Nor had he the modest, self-deprecating disposition of our own Master :

Though of others he were esteemed verie good in that kind, yet did none thinke better of him than hee did of himselfe : for if one had named and asked his opinion of the best composers living at this time, he would saye in a vaine glorie of his owne sufficiencie ; tush, tush (for these were his usual wordes), hee is a proper man, but hee is no discounter, hee is no discanter ; there is no stuffe in him, I will not give two pinnes for him except he hath descant.

Morley's discourse on the Madrigal is full of interest, but a discussion of his views must be reserved for some future occasion. The dialogue throughout this book is of the liveliest—the censure of a false ending, for example :

you change the aire of the song, which is as much as to wrest a thing out of his nature, making the Asse leape upon his Maister, and the Spaniell bear the loade,

or the commendation of those "famous English-men," who never thought it greater sacrilege to spurne against the Image of a Saint, then to take two perfect cordes of one kind together.

The first attempt at a five-part fugue is too good an opportunity to miss :

Phi. I have at length wrested out a way : I pray you Sir peruse it and correct the faults.

Ma. You have wrested it out in deede : as for the faults they be not to be corrected.

Phi. What ? is the lesson so excellent well contrived ?

Ma. No : but except you change it all you cannot correct the fault ; which like the hereditarie leprosie in a man's body is uncurable without the dissolution of the whole.

One could go on quoting *ad infinitum*, but this article is already outrunning its course. It is impossible, however, to take leave of this charming book without a glance at its concluding sentences, inimitable blend as they are of Elizabethan urbanity and Platonic rectitude :

Pol. If it were possible to do anything which might countervale that which you have done for us, we would shew you the like favour in doing as much for you : but since that is impossible, we can no otherwise requite your curtesie than by thankfull mindes and dutifull reverence : which (as all schollars do owe unto their Maisters) you shall have of us in such ample manner, as when we begin to be undutifull, we wish that the World may know that we cease to be honest.

Ma. Farewel, and the Lord of Lords direct you in all wisdom and learning, that when hereafter you shall be admitted to the handling of the weightie affaers of the common weath, you may discreetly and worthily discharge the offices whereto you shall be called.

Pol. The same Lord preserve and direct you in all your actions, and keepe perfect your health, which I feare is alreadie declining.

His fears were justified : the Maister was not the man he had been, and he died some five years later. Some pessimists may lament that we have no teachers like him nowadays. I am not so sure of that ; at any rate, I shall try next week to persuade my readers that a more optimistic view is not altogether unjustified.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

EITHER we struck a very bad patch last week, or the standard of performance in London is getting phenomenally low. In any case, a detailed account of the recitals we attended then would simply resolve itself into a melancholy and monotonous enumeration of elementary faults of style and execution, not interesting to the culprits themselves (for they never believe one), and still less so to the general public. In the middle of the week two young ladies hit on the novel idea of completing their programme by extemporizing on themes sent up by the audience. To justify such an attempt, however, you must possess a facility somewhat beyond that of a student of ordinary nimbleness of wit and a passable knowledge of harmony, and neither of these young ladies had got beyond this standard ; one of them, indeed—again we mercifully forbear to give names—fell some way short of it. Even the Promenades failed us, for the only novelty of the week—a Suite by Gabriel Fauré—proved arid and futile to the last degree.

The only satisfactory event was the Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall on the Saturday afternoon. The orchestra are playing now very much better than they were at the beginning of the season, and they gave us, amongst other things, a good performance of that most evergreen of symphonies, Mozart's in G minor—spoilt only by the breakneck speed at which the last movement was taken. Also, we could welcome back Miss Johanne Stockmarr, who brought with her from the North a new concerto by Stenhammar—one of those unmistakably nineteenth-century works that still contrive somehow to get themselves written in the twentieth. Of course the present day is, musically, a period without an idiom, and composers must now go back before they can go forward—but they must go back a good deal more than fifty years or even a hundred.

Strange that in such a week one can say nothing of a pianist so distinguished as M. Siloti. But he, too, chose the Saturday for his reappearance, and one cannot be in two places at once.

R. O. M.

MR. P. A. SCHOLES has followed up his "Book of the Great Musicians" with a pamphlet entitled "Musical Appreciation in Schools" (Milford, 1s. 6d.), in which he rightly insists that the love and understanding of music is the proper object of musical education, and that the acquisition of dexterity and passing of examinations are secondary matters. The little book contains many valuable hints for teachers who may wish to approach their subject from this ideal standpoint, but who are possibly uncertain how to begin.

Drama

A CRUDE THEME

GLOBE THEATRE.—“Every Woman’s Privilege.” By J. Hastings Turner.

WE may not always swallow with avidity the themes or theses round which Mr. J. Hastings Turner weaves his plays, but we can always be sure that he will put a number of good things into them. He would, however, be well advised to follow the rule of the pantomime producers and cut out all the epigrams that do not get a full laugh after the first night. There would still be enough left to ensure an amusing evening.

But if we were amused by “Every Woman’s Privilege” we also felt that we were getting fresh evidence of Mr. Shaw’s favourite contention that the last home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs and impossible loyalties is always the theatre. One of these moth-eaten beliefs provides the guiding-idea of “Every Woman’s Privilege.” It is the notion that because a girl is independent and “progressive,” and takes a lodging in London not far from the rooms of a young man with whom she hopes to work in the cause of Socialism, she must needs be incapable of realizing that she has a sex, and therefore incapable of taking care of it. When Sir James Lavory, who is the father of the unmanageable Dahlia, and Mortimer Jerrold, a nasty middle-aged epigrammatist who has determined to marry her, find all other means of bringing her to reason fail, they remind each other that she has never been faced by “a man with the lid off.” Mortimer therefore decides to break into her rooms at night and thoroughly frighten her—the father, of course, waiting in the hall to see that no crockery is really broken. Now, as Dahlia came of an athletic and hunting family, we should expect her to knock down Mortimer (an extremely jaded specimen) with a piece of furniture and continue the discussion on that basis. Actually it works out differently, partly because Dahlia has a hidden lady friend acting second for her unknown to Mortimer, and partly because, while Mortimer has scruples at the last moment, Dahlia finds that, at any rate so long as it is only a question of hugging, it is really not so unpleasant after all.

And there Dahlia falls all to bits. For unless her desire to live an energetic, independent life was sheer humbug she would never have consented, as she does in the end, to marry a gentleman like Mortimer because of the intoxication of his caresses. And if she was merely a *poseuse*, the author never led us up to the revelation. Perhaps the performers did not quite show us what the author wanted. Miss Marie Löhr was enchanting all through as somebody—but was it the girl Mr. Turner drew? Miss Löhr puts off her femininity with difficulty, and Dahlia must have had rather masculine airs—even if she had a sneaking little seraglio heart. But then Miss Löhr has learned in her time more than a trick or two about acting, so we let her act whatever she pleases and are thankful.

The only other striking thing in the play was Mr. Basil Rathbone’s appearance as the shy young man with the red tie, who ought to have been a snare to Dahlia, but who is turned off remorselessly in the last act in favour of the slightly bald “man with the lid off.” If Mr. Rathbone is really content to play such parts there is no reason why he should not become a very fine actor. But when we remember what a ravishing *jeune premier* he was in “Peter Ibbetson” we murmur, “What an escape!”

D. L. M.

DON JUAN BARITONO

SHAFESBURY THEATRE.—“The Great Lover.” By Leo Ditrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton.

IT is not a particularly healthy sign when the best plays are written about the theatre. Dramatists ought to be able to portray and actors to embody other types than those of their own world. Yet it is better to have a good play about stage life than a play with no life in it at all, and a good play of stage life has certainly been concocted by the three authors of “The Great Lover.”

The title is, perhaps, too serious for what is only a comedy variation on the Don Juan theme. But the Don Juan of the comedy, the baritone Jean Paurel, is a living and, in his way, a lovable person. If he has no morals he at least has no meannesses; he is a virile wooer, no tea-cup philanderer, and his egoism and relentlessness to his rivals have the saving merit of frankness. When the young singer who is destined to replace him asks indignantly why he takes such pains to prevent a possible competitor from getting a hearing, Paurel replies without a touch of cant that it is because he knows that he has now only the wreck of a voice disguised by a perfect technique, and such a voice will not bear comparison with the real thing. This is straightforward enough to make us feel genuine sympathy with Paurel in the only dramatic moment of the piece, when his voice gives way entirely during a performance, and the rival, Sonino, goes on to finish for him and pick up his crown. M. Moscovitch acted this incident with a great deal of power; else there was nothing out of the ordinary in the performance of a part that plays itself.

The authors, it must be owned, have not stopped short with drawing a solid figure for their protagonist. They have sketched-in the fantastic, cosmopolitan world of the opera with real skill. Replace the trousers and post-war abbreviated skirts by breeches and hoops, and you might almost at times be watching a dramatized scene from Gozzi’s Memoirs. There is the Italian conductor (Sig. William Ricciardi) with brazen voice and Cæsarian mask, and the Italian soprano with her murderous jealousies; there are the preposterous Wagnerian artistes, she with lapdog and he with wounded *amour propre* flowing bounteously as the Rhine; there is the severe German conductor of the Bayreuth school (Mr. Michael Sherbrooke marvellously disguised), and the slick young American stage directors like subalterns of a crack army regiment, and the urbane imperturbable manager, Mr. Stapleton—though surely he has “Colonel” Stapleton written all over his dapper little figure—admirably played by Mr. Morton Seltzer. An amusing baroque world, indeed, which relieves some tedious sentimental love-passages with a faintly drawn American soprano, in which we can scarcely believe our robust Don Juan would ever have consented to bear a part. Luckily the ending is as it should be, for after a magnificent scene of renunciation—love, art, ambition all surrendered—there is a buzz at the telephone and the voice of a lady. “That little blonde, sir,” remarks the faithful valet Potter, played with touching quaintness by Mr. A. E. George. Of course! How could he have forgotten the little blonde? He rushes to the instrument. . . . Admirable, indomitable Don Juan!

D. L. M.

AFTER a long illness Mr. C. N. Williamson died at Bath on October 3. Originally an engineering student, he turned to journalism in 1880, and in 1891 started *Black and White*. His first publication was a life of Carlyle, in 1891; but latterly in collaboration with his wife he had become one of the most familiar exponents of the popular novel. “The Lightning Conductor,” “Lady Betty Across the Water” and “My Friend the Chauffeur” were among their most successful productions.

OCTOBER 15, 1920

THE ATHENÆUM

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Correspondence

A WARNING TO AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—In view of the rapidly increasing number of men and women seeking to obtain a livelihood by their pens, may I be permitted to draw attention to one of the many undesirable features of the modern literary, dramatic and musical markets? I refer to the appearance of mushroom publishers, agents, schools of authorship, theatrical managers and a host of others, prepared, for a consideration, to help the young author or composer to fame and a supertaxable income. During the last few months an unusually large number of cases have been brought to this office where the novice has lost either MSS. or money which he has, too confidingly, entrusted to one or other of the people mentioned. The advertisement columns of many of the dailies and weeklies contain numerous advertisements of unsuccessful writers ready to teach authorship, film-writing experts with addresses at which letters may be called for, agents in one room with the door locked for the greater part of the day, and publishers with little market and less conscience.

It is not suggested that there are no reliable agents, schools of authorship, publishers or theatrical managers, but it is desirable that no author or composer should entrust either his work or his money to agent, publisher, or manager, without making the fullest inquiries beforehand.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. HERBERT THRING, Secretary,
Incorporated Society
of Authors, Playwrights and Composers.

1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

BELLENDEN MSS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR.—You were good enough on January 16 last to publish a letter from Dr. R. W. Chambers and myself, asking any who knew of manuscripts of Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece's History of Scotland to communicate with us, as we were editing Bellenden for the Scottish Text Society.

It will perhaps interest your readers to know that as a result of that letter we have been fortunate in hearing of several Bellenden MSS. The most important is the Pierpont Morgan copy, a magnificent volume finely illuminated, apparently the original copy written for King James V. Mr. Morgan has most courteously sent it over to the British Museum for our use, and it will form the basis of the text. Use will also be made of the Iveagh-Auchinleck MS. in the University College Library, which Viscount Iveagh most generously presented to University College in 1913, thus saving an important national treasure from leaving this country.

Other MSS. have also come to light in the Register House, Edinburgh, in the Marquis of Bath's Library at Longleat, and in Glasgow.

We shall of course always be glad to hear of any other Bellenden MSS.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER W. SETON.

University College Hall, Ealing, W.
October 8, 1920.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—Your contributor, of course, is correct in his surmise that the *Examiner* article was "a preliminary study for the later production." I happen to be able to give him the precise facts. In June, 1818, the *Quarterly* having attacked and prejudicially affected the sales of a book of his for the second time, on the ground that "Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakespeare and the English language are on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding," Mr. Hazlitt felt moved to write the article "The Editor of the *Quarterly Review*" from which your contributor quoted. For the rest of this year he was much engaged, in the composition of his lectures on the "English Comic Writer."

and in a little matter of an action for libel against the *Quarterly*'s younger brother, *Blackwood's*, which in the month of August had specialized in his morals; but the one having been successfully delivered, and the other settled by cash payment out of court, he found himself in the following January with leisure on his hands. This the *Quarterly* obligingly filled by reviewing his "Lectures on the English Poets." Being of opinion that three attempts upon his reputation were enough from any one source, he took up his earlier article and improved it into the "Letter to Gifford." On other than personal grounds the need for the medicine had not grown less, the *Quarterly* having in the interval mishandled the "Endymion" of a young admirer of Mr. Hazlitt's, as your contributor has most interestingly reminded us.

Yours faithfully,
P. P. HOWE.

October 11, 1920.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S APPOINTMENT

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR.—With great interest I read your article entitled "A Question of Prestige" in THE ATHENÆUM of September 3. As a Dutchman I feel proud to tell that Professor Einstein has been appointed as Honorary Professor of Physics at the University of Leyden, to deliver some lectures, while he will continue as Professor in Berlin.

Yours truly,
DR. J. LAUBHORN.

The Hague, October 8, 1920.

NEIGHBOURHOOD BOOK-SHOPS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—In view of the fact that there is in England at present a deplorable shortage of the type of book-shop which has, apart from its commercial side, also the idea of propagating a love of literature, I draw your attention to the following extract from "A Literary Letter" from New York (*Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, U.S.A., for September 22), which, as an item of news, is rather interesting:

. . . . the plans of the first of the Neighbourhood Book-Shops, which is to open in Park Avenue this autumn. The idea is to let each Neighbourhood Book-Shop reflect the taste and literary capacities of the locality. There is one glory of Park Avenue, another of Wall Street, . . . To each will be allotted in turn its proper shop, and each shop will be small, intimate, and friendly, presided over by someone who loves books, and who is able to convey to customers the idea that he would rather talk about books than sell them.

There is no doubt that this is a laudable ideal, and, should it be successful, some enterprising Briton might care to emulate our cousins in their praiseworthy effort.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
H. A. SMITH.

13, Sixth Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—I find ten indisputable non-rhyming lines in "Lycidas," viz., 1, 13, 15, 22, 39, 51, 82, 91, 92, and 161. These comprise the eight mentioned by Mr. J. B. Wallis, with the addition of lines 39 ("desert caves") and 92 ("gentle swain").

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
J. H. HOBBS.

77, Knatchbull Road, S.E.5.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN kindly inform us that the novels by Mr. Hardy to be translated into Spanish (see p. 509) are these: "The Well-Beloved," "The Hand of Ethelberta," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Jude the Obscure," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" are to appear in Swedish also, together with "The Return of the Native," "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Foreign Literature

M. BOURGET AS ALIENIST

ANOMALIES. Par Paul Bourget. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

THE coming of "Anomalies" and the idea which it represents was inevitable. It was certain that M. Bourget in his unceasing search for motives and his dissection of emotions would desire at last to study the fountain-head of emotion, and have recourse to the most fashionable science of the day. The problem which is here attacked is that of responsibility, and M. Bourget attacks it now no longer as an amateur, but fortified, perhaps even overburdened, by the lore of Freud and the alienists. He puts before us a series of "cases," a list, as he himself has it, of stars forced from their normal orbits.

"Ma Maison de Saint-Cloud," for example, is a study in what Freud calls *Flucht in die Krankheit*, the escape of a creature ill-used by the real world to that mania which offers him refuge and comfort. It tells of a poor little tailor who comes to believe himself owner of a beautiful house which he has once seen, with a notice-board announcing that it is to let. He makes a round of the antique dealers of Paris to choose treasures fit for its adornment. He furnishes it gradually, in imagination, from attic to cellar, marries, also in imagination, a charming girl to be its châtelaine, while all the time he is slaving to keep himself and his wretched wife and children alive. Finally he informs a customer who comes to inquire for him that "M. Dupin est à sa maison de Saint-Cloud." The words once spoken aloud, the spell is broken. He becomes a raving lunatic. Cured by a great brain specialist, he attempts the life of the man who has withdrawn him from his paradise.

"Le Mythomane" is the story of a Parisian boy in war-time, so haunted by the idea of German spies that he invents his own repatriation from occupied territory in the service of the Germans to point out to their agent the spots at which the Goths' bombs have fallen. He is brought to the police, who bid him keep his appointment. Followed by them, he actually accosts and speaks with a man in the darkness. The fellow, on being arrested, declares himself to be a Swiss named Schwartz, in Paris under an assumed name. The police naturally think they have brought off a coup, but, as the ingenious inspector who unravels the child's "mythomania" points out, it is a classic case of judicial error, which is "toujours la rencontre d'un hasard et d'un faux témoignage."

In "L'Aveu menteur" there is a double study of perversity—the honourable boy who steals money from his father under the influence of a constantly recurring suggestion, and the clerk who in a fit of delirium accuses himself of the theft.

It is not easy to convey an idea of the delicacy of M. Bourget's handiwork by bald summaries, but we have been baffled to find a better method in the case of "Anomalies." These stories are worthy to rank with their creator's finest work, and show no traces of that fatigue which has been discernible in his recent novels. "Le Mythomane" and "L'Aveu menteur" show how great are the possibilities of the detective-story, fallen into sad decadence of late, when treated in this manner. M. Bourget has but touched the fringe of his subject, and one wonders what imitators will make of it. Science has advanced very considerably since "Crime and Punishment" was written. One can foresee the up-to-date novelist of the type depicted by M. Bourget himself in "La Duchesse bleue" following the psychologist as the

jackal the tiger. And if the psychologist, why not the biologist? In "Télépathie" M. Bourget deals with the sentiments of a little dog cured of cataract by an operation. It is but a step from Freud and Dupré to Steinach. And then for the really daring there will be a yet more magnificent height to scale, and we shall have the first Einsteinian novel.

C. F.

THE "SAINETE" OF MADRID

SAINETES. By Carlo Arniches. (Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja. 1 pta. 50.)

THE "Sainete" is a dramatic form which has an interesting, if not very ancient history. The plays of Lope de Vega and Calderón, as given in their lifetime, were not continuous performances; a musical entertainment was put in at the beginning, and (generally) at the end, and between the acts as well, so that the show became a sort of composite sandwich in which three slices of bread (the three acts) were separated by different kinds of jam and coated outside with sugar.

The prologue ("loa") was followed by the first act of the play; then came a comic musical interlude, the "entremeses"; while between the second act and the third acts there was a "baile" or ballet. The "Sainete" is a late form of Entremeses. In the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth the word "entremeses" was used not so much for the performance as for a set of wooden figures, which at first were fixed in a definite position (as they are now in Spain and Italy) in groups representing the Nativity, and afterwards seem to have turned into an awkward kind of marionette. The Entremeses exhibited in Barcelona for the entry of Alfonso V. in 1424 were sets of wooden figures; but Valencia had already got beyond this stage, for in 1415 men were paid for singing in Entremeses. Exhibitions of the same kind were given in Castile, where they were called "momas," and in Portugal; in Italy they grew into musical intermezzi, like those performed at the Court of the Medici in Florence in the sixteenth century. In the Spain of Charles V. Entremeses were put into religious "autos" and other serious entertainments to liven them up; and they never lost the character of lightness and humour. Music naturally formed part of them, and one or two musicians were generally put down in the list of dramatis personæ. Cervantes produced several Entremeses; and they were written by all the great Spanish dramatists. Some of them were entirely sung—like many of those published by Quiñones de Benavente about 1645. Others were parodies of serious plays by Calderón.

The "Sainete" was a musical entertainment of this kind, which grew out of the Entremeses and was not really distinct from it. The word was used in a wide sense for anything witty; originally it was a word used in cookery. A diminutive of "sain" (grease or fat), it was applied to a well-seasoned dish; and then it was used generically for any kind of theatrical interlude. About 1700 the livelier musical entremeses seem generally to have been called "sainetes"; towards the end of the century the word was used for the comedies of Ramón de la Cruz, the Spanish (or rather, Madrilénian) counterpart of Goldoni. Sainetes are still being written, sometimes with music and sometimes without; in the latter case they are little more than curtain-raisers. The little square volume of Sainetes by D. Carlos Arniches contains some of the most successful of recent years. Some of them have music; and the prose dialogue drops naturally into verse as the voice naturally breaks into song. They are all full of life and intensely Madrilénian; all "muy castizos," in fact.

J. B. T.

The Week's Books

*Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

Armstrong (C. W.). The Mystery of Existence and a Brief Study of the Sex Problem. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 197 pp. Grant Richards, 6/- n.

Kingsford (S. M.). Psychical Research for the Plain Man. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 277 pp. Kegan Paul, 6/- n.

Laird (John). A Study in Realism. 9×6 . 240 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 14/- n.

RELIGION.

Book of Jewish Thoughts. Selected and arranged by the Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz). $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 383 pp. Milford, 4/- n.

Creeds and Christianity, by Lampadephorus. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 4\frac{1}{2}$. 31 pp. Stock, 1/- n.

Lees (G. Robinson). The Life of Christ. $9\frac{1}{2}\times 6\frac{1}{2}$. 547 pp. col. il. Partridge, 21/- n.

Robertson (Professor James Alex., ed.) The Sayings of Jesus of Nazareth. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 169 pp. Swarthmore Press, 5/- n.

Sheppard (Henry Winter). The First Book of Psalms in the Text of G. I. Transcribed with Frontispiece and Introduction. $12\frac{1}{2}\times 9\frac{1}{2}$. 70 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 42/- n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

***Brailsford (H. N.).** After the Peace (New Era Series, Vol. 4). $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 185 pp. Parsons, 4/6 n.

***Cloud (Edward).** Magic in Names, and in Other Things. $9\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 246 pp. Chapman & Hall, 12/6 n.

Fielding (William J.). Sanity in Sex. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 349 pp. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.

Hetherington (H. J. W.). International Labour Legislation. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 203 pp. Methuen, 6/- n.

***Macdonald (J. Ramsay).** A Policy for the Labour Party (New Era Series, Vol. 7). $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 188 pp. Parsons, 4/6 n.

Webb (Sidney and Beatrice). Industrial Democracy. $8\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 939 pp. Longmans, 21/- n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Slosson (Edwin E.). Easy Lessons in Einstein: a Discussion of the More Intelligible Features of the Theory of Relativity. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 132 pp. Routledge, 5/- n.

Southern (L.). An Outline of Physics. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 202 pp. Methuen, 6/6 n.

MEDICAL.

Tridon (André). Psycho-analysis: its History, Theory, and Practice. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 272 pp. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.

USEFUL ARTS.

Gates (S. B.). Pure Mathematics for Engineers (New Teaching Series). Introd. by H. A. Webb. 2 parts. 202, 184 pp. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. Hodder & Stoughton, 4/6 n. each.

FINE ARTS.

Brown (C. J.). Catalogue of Coins in the Provincial Museum, Lucknow: Coins of the Mughal Emperors. Vol. I. 89 pp. 22 pl. Vol. II. 468 pp. $10\frac{1}{4}\times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 50/- n.

Dodgson (Campbell). A Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John, 1901-14. $12\frac{1}{2}\times 10\frac{1}{2}$. 163 pp. 134 il. Chenil & Co. King's Road, Chelsea, 63/-.

LITERATURE.

Boreham (F. W.). A Reel of Rainbow. $8\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 222 pp. Epworth Press, 6/- n.

Butler (H. E.). The Sixth Book of the Æneid, with Introd. and Notes (Virgilian Studies). $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 286 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 12/- n.

Gayley (Charles Mills) and Kurtz (Benjamin Putnam). Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms of Poetry. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 923 pp. Ginn, 7/- Queen Square, Southampton Row, W.C.1, 16/- n.

Kabraji (F. J.). Raindrops. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 4\frac{1}{2}$. 20 pp. Stockwell, 1/- n.

Lucey (R. M.). The Hill Top. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 208 pp. Heath Cranton, 5/- n.

Mencken (H. L.). Fanfare, by Burton Rascoe; The American Critic, by Vincent O'Sullivan; Bibliography, by F. C. Henderson. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 32 pp. New York, Knopf.

Robey (George). After-Dinner Stories. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 232 pp. Grant Richards, 6/- n.

***Rolland (Romain).** Clerambault: Histoire d'une Conscience libre pendant la Guerre. $6\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 375 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 8fr.

Williams (Harold). Outlines of Modern English Literature. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 268 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 6/- n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Austin (John). Poems for Men. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 36 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/- n.

Bax (Clifford). A House of Words. $8\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 55 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/- n.

Brine (Everard Lindesay). Poems. $6\frac{1}{2}\times 4\frac{1}{2}$. 40 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6 n.

Ellis (Locke). Agamemnon: after the Greek of Æschylus. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 91 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 4/6 n.

Fowler (Ethel L.). The Daffodil Poetry Book. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 163 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, paper 2/-, cl. 3/6 n.

***Gibson (Wilfrid Wilson).** Neighbours. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 170 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.

Lowell (Amy). Can Grande's Castle. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 213 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 6/- n.

McKay (Claude). Spring in New Hampshire; and other Poems. $8\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 40 pp. Grant Richards, 3/6 n.

Moore (T. Sturge). Danaë; Aforetime; Blind Thamyris. $8\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 64 pp. Grant Richards, 6/- n.

Oxford Poetry, 1917-19. $8\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 190 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6 n.

FICTION.

Allan (Luke). Blue Pete, Half-Breed. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 256 pp. Jenkins, 2/6 n.

***Audoux (Marguerite).** Marie Claire's Workshop. Tr. by F. S. Flint. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 252 pp. Chapman & Hall, 7/6 n.

Benson (E. F.). The Countess of Lowndes Square; and other Stories. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 311 pp. Cassell, 8/6 n.

***Birmingham (George A.).** Inisheeny. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 228 pp. Methuen, 8/6 n.

***Bourget (Paul).** Anomalies. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 4\frac{1}{2}$. 308 pp. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 7fr.

Broster (D. K.). The Yellow Poppy. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 439 pp. Duckworth, 9/6 n.

***Dudeney (Mrs. Henry).** Manhood End. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 323 pp. Hurst & Blackett, 8/6 n.

Hamilton (Mary Agnes). The Last Fortnight. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 252 pp. Collins, 9/- n.

Jones (E. B. C.). Quiet Interior. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 285 pp. Cobden-Sanderson, 8/- n.

McKenna (Stephen). Lady Lilith. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 294 pp. Hurst & Blackett, 8/6 n.

Sinclair (May). The Romantic. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 249 pp. Collins, 9/- n.

Slyke (Lucille van). Little Miss-by-the-Day. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5$. 275 pp. Nisbet, 7/6 n.

Smith (Constance I.). Adam's First Wife. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 4\frac{1}{2}$. 319 pp. Melrose, 7/- n.

Tynan (Katharine). The House. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 276 pp. Collins, 9/- n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Carpenter (G. D. Hale). A Naturalist on Lake Victoria. $9\frac{1}{2}\times 6\frac{1}{2}$. 357 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 28/- n.

***Cordier (Henri).** Sir Marco Polo. Notes and Addenda to Sir Henry Yule's Edition, containing the Results of Recent Research and Discovery. $9\frac{1}{2}\times 6\frac{1}{2}$. 171 pp. Murray, 16/- n.

Davies (N. de Garis). The Tomb of Antefoker, Vizier of Sesostris I., and of his Wife, Senet. With Chapter by Alan H. Gardiner. (Theban Tombs Series.) $12\frac{1}{2}\times 10\frac{1}{2}$. 40 pp. 48 pl. in colour, line and collotype. Allen & Unwin, 42/- n.

Hogarth (D. G.). Hittite Seals, with Particular Reference to the Ashmolean Collection. $13\times 10\frac{1}{2}$. 117 pp. 10 pl. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 73/6 n.

Macnaughton (S.). My Canadian Memories. $9\times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 254 pp. Chapman & Hall, 12/6 n.

Oswald (Felix) and Pryce (T. Davies). An Introduction to the Study of Terra Sigillata treated from a Chronological Standpoint. $10\frac{1}{2}\times 7\frac{1}{2}$. 298 pp. 85 pl. Longmans, 42/- n.

Scott (Daniel). Cumberland and Westmoreland (Little Guides). $6\frac{1}{2}\times 4$. 240 pp. il. maps. Methuen, 6/- n.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Anderson (Agnes).** "Johnnie" of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps. 7½x5. 191 pp. Heath Cranton, 6/- n.
- Dobbs (Rosalind H.).** Noel Dyson Williams: his Life and Letters. 7½x5. 183 pp. il. Methuen, 7/- n.
- ***Fleury (Comte).** Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie. 8½x5½. 2 vols. 472, 560 pp. Appleton, 35/- n.
- Lavery (Felix), ed.** Great Irishmen in War and Politics. 8½x5½. 208 pp. Melrose, 7/- n.
- Leighton (Rachel), ed.** Correspondence of Charlotte Grenville, Lady Williams Wynn, and her Three Sons. 8½x5½. 424 pp. il. Murray, 21/- n.
- ***Lucy (Sir Henry).** The Diary of a Journalist. 9x5½. 350 pp. Murray, 15/- n.
- Paget (J. Otho).** Memories of the Shires. 9x5½. 231 pp. Methuen, 12/- n.
- Roberts (Col. H. Harrington).** Memories of Four-Score Years. 10½x7. 101 pp. il. Lane, 10/- n.
- Seeger (Charles Louis), ed.** Memoirs of Alexander Iswolsky, formerly Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to France. 8½x5½. 288 pp. il. Hutchinson, 16/- n.

HISTORY.

- Geyl (P.).** Holland and Belgium, their Common History and their Relations: Three Lectures given at University College, London. 9½x6½. 48 pp. Leiden, A. W. Sijthoff.
- Hamilton (Louis).** Ursprung der französischen Bevölkerung Canadas: ein Beitrag zur Siedlungsgeschichte Nord-Amerikas. 9x6½. 88 pp. Berlin, Neufeld & Henius.
- Journal of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations** from April, 1704, to Feb., 1708/9, preserved in the Public Record Office. 10½x7½. 641 pp. Stationery Office.
- Rovère (Julien).** La Bavière et l'Empire Allemand: Histoire d'un Particularisme. Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, 12fr. 50.

WAR.

- Dare (Jane).** Letters from the Forgotten Army. 7x4½. 40 pp. Stockwell, 2/- n.
- ***Durnford (H. G.).** The Tunnellers of Holzminden (with a Side Issue). 9x5½. 202 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 14/- n.
- ***Lee (Joseph).** A Captive at Carlsruhe and other German Prison Camps. 7½x5. 219 pp. il. Lane, 7/- n.
- Madelin (Louis).** Le Chemin de la Victoire: De la Marne à Verdun (1914-16). 7½x4½. 200 pp. maps. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 3fr.
- Mélas (George M.).** Ex-King Constantine and the War. 8½x5½. 288 pp. Hutchinson, 12/- n.
- Smith (Corinna Haven) and Hill (Caroline R.).** Rising above the Ruins in France: an Account of the Progress made since the Armistice. 8½x5½. 265 pp. il. Putnam, 18/- n.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- New Age Encyclopædia**, edited by Sir Edward Parrott. Vol. I., A—Banjo; Vol. II., Banca-Carmona. 6½x4½. 492, 484 pp. il. Nelson, 3/6 n. each.

PERIODICALS.

- Connaissance.** October. Paris, 9, Galerie de la Madeleine, 2fr. 50.
- Critica.** September. Bari, Laterza & Figli, 3 lire.
- Écrits Nouveaux.** October. Paris, Emile-Paul, 3fr.
- Groot-Nederland.** October. Amsterdam, Van Holkema & Warendorf, 2.50fl.
- Interpreter.** October. Simpkin & Marshall, 6/6 yearly.
- Library.** September. 8½x7. 128 pp. Milford, 5/- n.
- Lloyd George Liberal Magazine.** October, No. 1. 8½x5½. 64 pp. L. J. Gooding, 25, Old Queen Street, S.W.1, 6d.
- Nieuwe Gids.** October. The Hague, W. Kloos, 1.75fl.
- Nouvelle Revue Française.** October. Paris, 35/37, Rue Madame, 3fr. 50.
- Preussische Jahrbücher.** October. Berlin, G. Stilke, 8.30m.
- Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes.** Aug.-Oct. Paris, Didier, 1fr. 75.
- Science Progress.** October. Murray, 6/- n.
- Society of Comparative Legislation and International Law.** Journal. October. 9½x6. The Society, 6/-.
- South African Quarterly.** September. 10½x8½. 22 pp. Johannesburg, Central News Agency, 1/-.
- Theatre-Craft.** Summer, 1920, No. 4. Il. Bloomsbury Press, 4, Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1, 2/6.

Notices

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES, in preparation for the Examination in May, 1921, are about to commence. There will be six courses, the fee for each course being 15s., payable in advance.

Entries to be sent to the SECRETARY, Library Association, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, not later than October 30.

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October 11 to 20, "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw.

October 21, "The Foundation," by John Galsworthy.

All seats bookable, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hampstead 7224.

Appointments Vacant

REDLAND HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, BRISTOL.

APPOINTMENT OF HEAD MISTRESS.

THE Council of the above School invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of HEAD MISTRESS which will be vacant at Christmas.

Applicants must hold a University Honours Degree or a recognized equivalent, and have had experience in Teaching and Organization.

Salary £600 rising to £800 per annum.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the CLERK to the Governors at the School, to whom the forms must be returned not later than November 11, 1920.

CROYDON.—CROHAM HURST SCHOOL.

HOUSE MISTRESS wanted after Easter. Domestic Science Diploma desirable. Some knowledge of nursing essential. Age 25 to 40.—Apply to Miss TH. E. CLARK, stating qualifications and submitting testimonials.

UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS.

APPOINTMENT OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF INDIAN ECONOMICS.

THE SYNDICATE of the Madras University invites APPLICATIONS for the PROFESSORSHIP of INDIAN ECONOMICS in the University, which will fall vacant on June 21, 1921.

The salary of the appointment is Rs. 1,250 per mensem, and the appointment will be in the first instance for a term of five years. The main duties of the Professor will be to investigate and lecture on the special problems of Indian Economics, and to train students in the methods of economic study and research and in the investigation and exposition of the problems of Indian Economics.

The Professor will be required to devote his whole time to the duties of his office and not to absent himself from his duties without the permission of the Syndicate. The regulations governing the University Professorships will be found in Chapter IX. of Volume I of the University Calendar, 1920, and may be consulted at the British Museum, the India Office, or any University Library in England or India.

Applications from candidates in England for the appointment should reach this office by November 30, 1920, and from those in India by December 15, 1920, addressed to the Registrar, University of Madras, Madras, S.E.

The selected candidate will be required to bind himself by an agreement, the details of which will be settled later.

The University will be prepared to pay the selected candidate a single first-class passage to Madras.

(By Order)

K. RABUNNI MUNCH, M.A.,
Ag. Registrar.

Senate House, Madras, September 22, 1920.

WORCESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

SCHOOL OF ART.

WANTED, a FULL-TIME ASSISTANT MASTER. A knowledge of crafts will be a recommendation. Salary £250 to £300, which will be revised on the issue of the Burnham report. Applications, with three testimonials and giving particulars as to qualifications and teaching experience should reach me on or before October 24.

THOS. DUCKWORTH,

Joint Secretary for Education.

Victoria Institute, Worcester.

BOROUGH OF FULHAM.

APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF LIBRARIAN.

THE FULHAM BOROUGH COUNCIL is prepared to receive APPLICATIONS from experienced persons for the APPOINTMENT of CHIEF LIBRARIAN. Age not to exceed 45 years. Commencing salary £300 plus War Bonus on the scale approved by the Council, amounting at the present time to about £237 per annum. The Librarian will be in charge of the Central and two Branch Libraries, and the respective staffs.

Applications accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date to be made on a special form which may be obtained from the undersigned. All applications endorsed "Chief Librarian" to be lodged with me not later than November 8 next ensuing.

The appointment will be made subject to a satisfactory medical examination being passed. Canvassing will disqualify.

Town Hall, Fulham, S.W. 6.

J. PERCY SHUTER,
Town Clerk.

Appointments Vacant

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The School is recognised by the Board of Architectural Education, and students passing satisfactorily through certain Courses are exempted from the Intermediate Examination of the R.I.B.A.

Forms of application, which should be returned immediately, may be obtained from the undersigned.

JAMES GRAHAM,
Education Offices, Leeds.
Director of Education.

Art Exhibition

GIEVES ART GALLERY, 21, Old Bond Street, W.1.

Exhibition of Marine Pictures by H. J. Burgess, R.O.I., Philip Connard, A.R.A., Cecil King, Sir J. Lavery, A.R.A., Julius Olsson, R.A., Charles Pears, R.O.I., Norman Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.O.I. Open daily 10—5.

Lectures

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (University of London).

REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1. TEN PUBLIC LECTURES

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